The Bookman

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

"MARY ROSE" AND "PETER PAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

Sir J. M. Barrie's poignantly beautiful play, "Mary Rose," makes a wonderful appeal to crowded houses at the Haymarket, but, in some respects, it has puzzled many of the great multitude who have seen it, and we have decided to offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of One Guinea for the best interpretation in not more than 300 words of the play's inner meaning, and what final lesson the author intends us to draw from it.

We also offer Prizes of a Guinea-and-a-Half, One Guinea, and Half-a-Guinea for the best criticisms in not more than 300 words of the perennially popular play of "Peter Pan." This Competition is limited to younger readers. The age of the Competitor must be written under his or her signature, and each reply should bear a note by the Competitor's parent or guardian stating that the writer of the reply is under the age of fourteen.

Competitors should keep copies of their MSS., and not enclose stamped envelopes for their return.

All replies in both these Competitions must be addressed to The Editor of The Bookman, *St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C. Envelopes for the one should be marked "Mary Rose Competition," and for the other "Peter Pan Competition."*

Results will be announced in The Bookman *Christmas Number.*

In response to requests from many readers we are extending the time for sending in papers for these Competitions to the 14th October. All replies must be received not later than first post on that date.

The Bookman 250 Guineas First Novel Prize Competition closes on the 31st December. Write for particulars to the Editor of The Bookman. Address as above.

"Neighbours," a new volume of poems by Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan, who also have in hand "Children of the Slaves," by Stephen Graham, a study of the progress of the American negro since he obtained his freedom.

A new edition of that malicious, genially discursive, curiously interesting biography, "Nollekens and His Times," by John Thomas Smith, has been edited by Mr. Wilfred Whitten, and will be published this autumn by Mr. John Lane. This is

the first complete edition since 1829 of one of the best books of anecdotes ever written.

Mr. Conal O'Riordan, whose new novel, "Adam of Dublin," has just been published by Messrs. Collins, is well known in connection with the Abbey Theatre plays, but the general reader will recognise him more easily as "Norreys Connell," the pseudonym under which his earlier novels appeared.

An anthology of recent poetry, "The Year's at the Spring," will be published shortly by Messrs. Harrap, with illustrations in colour and black-and-white by Harry Clarke. The same firm is publishing "Poems by a Little Girl," the little girl, Miss Hilda Conkling, having written the poems, one hundred and seven in number, between the ages of four and nine. The book will have an introduction by Mr. William Canton and a frontispiece portrait.

A new novel, a satirical comedy of character, by Hamilton Fyfe, "The Widow's Cruse," has just been published by Mr. Leonard Parsons, who announces for this month "Women and Children," a new novel by Hugh de Sélincourt.

Mr. Parsons is adding to his New Era series a study of "Labour and National Finance," by Philip Snowden; and is also publishing this month "Some Contemporary Poets," by Harold Munro; and "Some Contemporary Novelists (Women)," by Brimley Johnson.

"They Went," a very remarkable new novel by Norman Douglas, published by Messrs. Chapman & Hall, is the first novel Mr. Douglas has written since he made his reputation as a novelist with "South Wind" a few years ago.

Mr. G. B. Burgin's "Uncle Jeremy," his sixtieth novel, is due from Messrs. Hutchinson this autumn.

Photo by Vandyk.

Mr. Hugh Walpole,

whose new novel, "The Captives," has just been published by Messrs. Macmillan.

"Ships and the Sea," an anthology by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, will be published shortly by Messrs. Dent. It is designed to show the part played by ships and the sea in the development of English literature from Chaucer to the present day.

Messrs. Arrowsmith announce for this autumn a collection of stories by Sir H. Rider Haggard, "Smith and the Pharaohs"; and "A Case in Camera," a new novel by Oliver Onions.

The Right Hon. J. M. Robertson has written a study of Charles Bradlaugh which Messrs. Watts are including this autumn in their Life-Stories of Famous Men series.

A posthumous volume by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "Poems of Affection," has just been issued by Messrs. Gay & Hancock. It is a collection of fifty poems written by Mrs. Wilcox during her last visit to France and England.

The late Mr. James Baker had completed shortly before his death a new book which Mr. John Lane has in the press. It is a memoir of his son, Major S. Harold Baker, and includes a graphic account of the work of the Gloucesters in Salonika and France.

"Manhood End," another of Mrs. Henry Dudeney's novels of Sussex life—the story of a young clergyman who married the neighbouring vicar's daughter and resigned himself to a quiet, unambitious life but found that in devising his Eden he had forgotten about the serpent—will be published this month by Messrs. Hurst & Blackett.

Mr. Jeffery Farnol,

whose new novel, "Black Bartlemy's Treasure" (Sampson Low), is reviewed in this Number

The second book of spirit messages received by the Rev. G. Vale Owen is entitled "The Highlands of Heaven," and will be published immediately by

Mr. Thornton Butterworth. This, like "The Lowlands of Heaven," with which the series began, is complete in itself and contains all the messages from Zabdiel in consecutive order.

Early in October Mr. Thornton Butterworth will publish Bethmann-Hollweg's long postponed "Reflections on the World War," a book which gives an inside history of pre-war Germany and a frank exposition of German aims and policy.

"London Trees," by A. D. Webster, which the Swarthmore Press is publishing, is an account of

Photo by Alice Hughes. **Mrs. Belloc Lowndes,**

whose new novel, "Out of the Vasty Deep," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing shortly.

the trees that flourish best in London, with records of old and remarkable specimens that may be found in various parts of the town.

Mr. Standish O'Grady, the veteran Irish man of letters, has written a biographical Preface to the volume of "Essays by the late John Todhunter," which Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish this autumn. Mr. O'Grady concludes his appreciation with these words: "These prose remains will be, in my opinion, a valuable addition to any library, and will be read and reread lovingly and with delight, for they are true essays, like Lamb's and Hazlitt's, racy of the soil where they grew, of the pleasant, sincere and humorous personality in which they originated."

Mr. Elkin Mathews is also publishing this autumn "Oscar Wilde: Fragments and Memories," by Martin Birnbaum—an essay dealing mainly with Wilde's tour in America in the early nineties.

Mrs. Asquith,

whose Autobiography will be published this month by Mr. Thornton Butterworth.

Outward Bound, the new monthly published by the Oxford Press, is to be congratulated on an excellent first number. It is well illustrated, and in addition to many interesting stories and articles by distinguished writers, contains the opening instalment of a brilliant serial by John Buchan entitled "The Path of a King."

Two new novels that Messrs. Duckworth are publishing this autumn are "The Yellow Poppy," by D. K. Broster, and "The Passionate Spectator," by Miss Jane Burr, the American poet and novelist whose views on marriage raised a storm in last month's newspapers.

Another new monthly that will issue its first number on the 1st of November is *Sports and*

Photo by Adelphi Studios. **Miss Jane Burr,**

whose novel, "The Passionate Spectator," Messrs. Duckworth are publishing.

Sportsmen, produced by the Olympic Press, and published by Messrs. G. Heath Robinson and Birch. It is a handsome production, and justly claims to be "the magazine de luxe of sport." Its advisory committee includes such representative names as the Earl of Clarendon, Lady James Douglas, Mrs. Dudley Larcombe, Sir Williams Bulkeley, Sir Robert Jardine, Sir Samuel Scott, Sir Arthur Hazlerigg, Mr. H. D. Leveson-Gower, Captain C. C. Aylmer, and others equally prominent. All sports are included in its province, and among the many and varied contents of its first number will be a special study of "The Prince of Wales as Sportsman."

A new novel by Mr. A. Beverley Baxter, "The Parts Men Play," will be published shortly by Messrs. W. & R. Chambers.

"Quiet Interior," a first novel by E. B. C. Jones, which Mr. R. Cobden-Sanderson is publishing immediately, is a sympathetic study of a girl's love affair—an introspective study of character and the emotions as affected by environment and events.

"The Origin of Man and His Superstitions," by Carveth Read, is to be published by the Cambridge Press about the end of the year.

A reprint of the revised and enlarged edition of Mr. St. John Adcock's "For Remembrance: Soldier Poets Who Have Fallen in the War" will be published this month by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Mr. Fisher Unwin is publishing a new edition of "Boon," which now openly reveals what everybody knew, i.e. that these "Literary Remains of George Boon" were written and illustrated by Mr. H. G. Wells.

Mr. John Murray is publishing the "Memoirs of the Count de Rochechouart," a man of arms and of affairs who was at one time secretary to the Duc de Richelieu and, though he is now numbered among forgotten statesmen, played an important part in re-establishing the credit and finances of France after the Napoleonic wars.

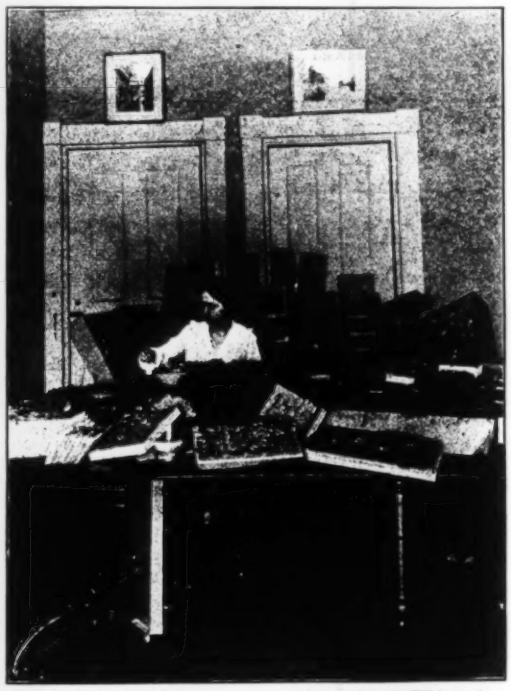

Photo by Backrach, U.S.A. **Miss Opal Whiteley**

reconstructing her "Diary," which was published last month by Messrs. Putnams and is reviewed in this Number.

Essays bulk largely and pleasantly among the books that Messrs. Methuen have in preparation for this autumn. There are "The Uses of Diversity," by G. K. Chesterton; "Essays on Books," by A. Clutton-Brock; "If I May," by A. A. Milne; "About Many Things," by Grace Rhys, which is just out; and "The Sacred Wood," essays on poetry, by T. S. Eliot. Moreover, there is a volume of Oscar Wilde's essays on "Art and Decoration"; and "Specially Selected," a gift-book selection of E. V. Lucas's essays, with ninety illustrations by G. L Stampa.

Messrs. Methuen are publishing also this autumn a volume of stories by Miss Marie Corelli.

"Practical Hints on Training for the Stage," by Agnes Platt, will be published shortly by Mr. Stanley Paul.

Mr. John Murray has added to his cheap series of reprints Mr. Stanley J. Weyman's charming early novel, "The New Rector," and Seton Merriman's Indian Mutiny romance, "From One Generation to Another."

"Norman Ten Hundred," by A. Stanley Blicq (Guernsey: The Guernsey Press), is the story, well and graphically told, of what was done by the 1st (Service) Battalion of the Royal Guernsey Light Infantry in the great war. It is a detailed, authentic narrative of the adventures in France and Flanders of one thousand out of the seven thousand soldiers who went from Guernsey alone—"the oldest and smallest democracy in the world," to fight side by side with the Mother Country's troops. Mr. Blicq joined the army in August, 1914, served on the Brigade Staff in Flanders, and ended up in hospital, from which he was released fifteen months ago. Before the war he was for some years a private secretary, but this post being no longer available he is nowadays a free-lance author and journalist and finding that road a steep and heavy one to travel.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

HENRY ST. JOHN COOPER.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Henry St. John Cooper has only become widely known to the book-reading public within the last twelve months, he has been a very successful writer of serials for long past, and his first book made its appearance some years ago, but that was not a novel. He comes of a literary family, for he is related to the late W. Clark Russell, whose fine sea romances have fallen of late into unmerited neglect, and is a grandson of Henry Russell, the popular vocalist who composed and sang Charles Mackie's "Cheer, Boys, Cheer" into fame in mid-Victorian days. And that first book of Mr. Cooper's was an autobiography of his grandfather, which was published by McQueen about thirty years ago. He wrote it more or less in collaboration with Henry Russell, telling his story as closely as possible in his own words, and the book was read over and touched up by Clement Scott before it went to press.

Mr. Henry St. John Cooper.

But he had found his way into print even earlier than that. When he was about sixteen or seventeen he obtained an engagement as sub-editor on a new boys' paper called *Pleasure*. It had a short and not particularly glorious existence, and departed this life for the common and sufficient reason that it did not pay its way and the proprietor's capital ran out:

"The editor was not enthusiastic," says Mr. Cooper, "and used to leave me to get the paper out as best I could. I had no cash available for paying contributors, and used to get the illustrations from an agency that supplied drawings or blocks that had already seen service elsewhere. I would visit the agent, select a number of pictures almost at random, and then write articles, short stories and serials into which such incidents were introduced as they could appropriately illustrate. In addition I conducted prize competitions, wrote editorial notes and a few advertisements, also answers to correspondents—though as a fact, perhaps owing to the limited interest the public took in us, there were no real correspondents to answer. I literally wrote this paper from cover to cover for many weeks, and when it died its circulation had dwindled to a weekly sale of about three thousand copies."

Thereafter he did no more such editing, but went on writing serials, and one of these, a boy's adventure romance of the "Westward Ho" kind, was published by Messrs. Jarrold under the title of "The Voyage of the Avenger: A Story of Elizabeth Seafaring"; but being an indifferent man of business he made no attempt to republish any other of these as books until last year a friend took things in hand for him and sent one of them, "Sunny Ducrow," to Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., who promptly accepted it, and when it came out last autumn it not only met with a very favourable reception from the critics, but caught on with the public and was one of the successes of the season. It was published on the other side of the Atlantic by Messrs. Putnams Sons, and has sold nearly forty thousand in England and America, and is still selling.

Mr. Cooper is no realist of the sordid and unhappy school; he has seen more than one side of life and knows that the summer is as real as the winter, the better, pleasanter qualities of humanity as real as all that is unworthy and unlovely in it, and as a consequence his stories and their characters have a quiet humour and a charm of human kindliness and grace of sentiment that for want of a more adequate word we call Dickensian.

This same broad understanding of the good that is in men and women and his gift of weaving the old simplicities and natural follies and weaknesses of average mankind into a story is winning success again for his second novel, "James Bevanwood, Baronet," which was published by Messrs. Sampson Low a few weeks back; and he is just now at work on a third which has been already accepted by the same publishers, and by Messrs. Putnams for America, and it will see the light next spring. This has been called "The Garden of Memories," not a very striking title, but one that seems to Mr. Cooper to express the idea of the book. It is a story that deals lightly with the subject of reincarnation—a subject that very strongly appeals to him. "I look forward," he says, "to one day writing a book that shall embody an extraordinary experience that came to me some twelve years back. I have tried to get myself to write it again and again, but so far have not even succeeded in actually penning a word in connection with it. I have been daunted by a fear that the theme is too big for me, and would sooner leave it always unwritten than write it and be disappointed with the result."

XUM

Yankel Yurovsky,
the man who killed the Czar.
From "The Last Days of the Romanovs" (Thornton Butterworth).

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

"Biff and Butt," by Dud Swisher (1s. net; Westall), is a witty pictorial commentary on current politics—a grotesquely, often bitingly satirical series of drawings, after the manner of Bud Fisher's burlesque sketches of Mutt and Jeff, in which Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bonar Law mimic the diversions of those popular film characters.

The latest addition to the collected edition of Mr. Archibald Marshall's works (2s. 6d. net each; Hodder & Stoughton) is "Exton Manor"—that delightful story of English country life which is commonly regarded as the ablest and strongest of his stories. Both in characterisation and in the graphic detail of its narrative it justifies the critics who have ranked Mr. Marshall with Trollope as a quiet, unexaggerated realist of the life of his own time, but it has a conciseness, an artistic finish in style and construction that Trollope never achieved. It is not only the best of Mr. Marshall's books, but one of the best novels that have been published in the last twenty years.

A new and enlarged edition of Miss Mary C. Sturgeon's admirable "Studies of Contemporary Poets" (7s. 6d. net; Harrap) contains several fresh chapters dealing with the work of Hardy, Drinkwater, Yeats, Michael Field, J. C. Squire, and a group of women poets.

In an introductory note, Mr. John Drinkwater rightly says that Mr. Charles Powell and his "Poets in the Nursery" (5s. net; John Lane) belong "to the aristocracy of his art." His parodies of Kipling, Masefield, Hardy, Chesterton, Yeats, Noyes, Watson, and the rest, are wholly admirable in the skill and humour with which they hit off the characteristics of their originals. "Mr. Powell," to agree again with Mr. Drinkwater, "never forgets his fun, but neither does he forget the significance of his poets, and poets are not always so happy in their more accredited ministers."

The heroic part played by Cardinal Mercier during the war is common knowledge, and in response to requests from all quarters of the world His Eminence has at length consented to the publication of all the correspondence that passed between him and the German authorities during the enemy occupation of Belgium. These letters, arranged by Professor Ferdinand Mayence, and linked up with occasional comments, in "Cardinal Mercier's Own Story" (25s. net; Hodder & Stoughton), resolve themselves into the fullest, vividest chronicle of that dramatic succession of events in which the Cardinal fearlessly championed the cause of his people against the tyrannies of their oppressors.

Though the word minor may be written over nearly all that literature of the nineties which is associated with Aubrey Beardsley and the "Yellow Book," it still has, and possibly always will have, a curious fascination for the literary student. Many essays have been written about it; Mr. Holbrook Jackson studied it exhaustively in "The Eighteen Nineties," and now Mr. Bernard Muddiman gives us in "The Men of the Nineties" (6s. net; Henry Danielson) a very able and interesting survey of "the men of the nineties proper" and their work. He finds that "in Beardsley, so to speak, was inset all the influences that went to make the period what it was"; that he was, in his drawings and his writings, "the incarnation of the spirit of the age"; and his sympathetic, critical account of Beardsley's life and achievements is, perhaps, the most valuable part of his book. Good, too, is all he has to say of Max Beerbohm, Davidson, Dowson, Crackanthorpe and Lionel Johnson; but he is no blind eulogist of the movement, and recognises the morbidity, affectations, absurdities of some who were in it, especially of some of the lesser lights who are already pretty much forgotten. It is significant, as he suggests, that no writer of the group wrote a great novel; and that Meredith, Hardy, Kipling, Stevenson, Barrie, all writing at that time, remained outside their circle. But there were strange and attractive personalities among them; they did many beautiful little things, and established another by-way of literature, to which Mr. Muddiman's book is a discriminating and very adequate guide.

"Old Seed on New Ground," by James Adderley (7s. 6d. net; Putnams), is a series of stories or parables—some of them up-to-date adaptations of the great parables of the Bible—most of them edged with humour or satire, and all of them with a shrewd application to modern life and character. The follies and hypocrisies of the time are lightly but scathingly rebuked in the tale "Of Ten Young Ladies and the Great War," "Of the Good Lady Sara Martin," "Of the Beginning and the End of Mr. Stultous," and in others, and others are touched with that genial tolerance and kindliness and broad democratic sympathy that one expects from the author of "Stephen Remarx." They are stories you can read as stories, but they carry more or less obvious lessons for all readers. The book is illustrated with twelve clever drawings by the *Star*'s cartoonist, Low.

XUM

THE READER.

MISS MAY SINCLAIR.

By C. A. Dawson Scott.

I.

AT a London Club one night a speaker quoted these sentences from "Mary Olivier—A Life."

"By the gate of the field her sudden, secret happiness came to her. She could never tell when it was coming, nor what it would come from. It had something to do with the trees standing up in the golden white light. It had come before with a certain sharp white light flooding the fields, flooding the room. . . . She stood still by the gate . . . holding her happiness."

He deduced from them that the cause of art is a longing on the part of the artist to communicate to others a thrill he has himself experienced. It was not the trees, nor the light flooding the fields, but Mary's happiness in them that was of importance.

If we accept this theory and agree that art in its different forms makes its appearance because the individual feels an urge to share a sensation he has experienced, we find an explanation of much that is perplexing. The world of to-day is full of little shoots and pushings of green art. They are plants of no outstanding beauty, but are encouraged by sedulous little editors who perceive that in their walled-in garden big things would be out of place, and who also, perhaps, prefer annuals to perennials. Each tiny plant, however, may and probably does owe its existence to that longing, inherent in the majority, to communicate the wonder of its experience, its simple experience of light and heat. The same is true of the bigger plants in the art world, in fact of every plant and all; and once we have grasped that, we no longer wonder that the little chickweed cannot produce the pomegranate, or flower as the rose.

This theory also accounts for the fact that so much art lacks universality. It is born of a narrow personal experience, and appeals therefore only to natures capable of similar experiences. Its roots do not go down to the vivifying springs, the fountains of the earth. For the little artists it is a case of many men, many keyboards, with the manipulator only able to play on certain of them, only able perhaps to strike a note here and a note there.

The critic who accepts this theory of the soul trying to shape something, by means of which it will give back to humanity the more poignant of its experiences, is obliged by it to take a very broad, quite impersonal view of the result. Here is a gift horse, he would say, and we must not only consider whether its teeth will show it to be aged, but must accept the animal gratefully as a live creature, a creature of interesting possibilities!

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Miss May Sinclair.**

Which brings us to that curiously criticised work "Mary Olivier." In America it sold well; in England it was perhaps the most talked-of book of the season and I have heard it discussed from every point of view, except that given above. Yet in it the writer is undoubtedly trying to pass on to the reader the thrills life has given her—thrills strange to some of us, the thrill of the metaphysician, the thrill of muscular energy, the thrill of a certain sort of landscape, the thrill that comes with the making of word-patterns. The method was a matter of intellectual choice; the medium not more so, than is to a plant the flower it produces; and whereas the former brought the receiving mind into contact with a technique second to none, the latter must be accepted as the natural florescence of that particular soul. To say the book was "dull," was "morbid," was "lacking in drama," as did some critics, was beside the mark. Its quality, the quality that made it valuable, was its sincerity—while its method made it a delight. Moreover, beyond the sincerity of it, lay the fact that this study of a life racked by cramping circumstance, and blooming in the secret places of the mind and spirit, was a revelation of human possibilities; while finally, the publication of this book should have been welcomed as proof that Miss Sinclair had broken with tradition, that the great upheaval through which our civilisation has lately passed had clarified her gift as it has those of so many others and that in future we may look to her for books

which shall be neither traditional nor derivative, but the fruit of her individual experience.

II.

May Sinclair was born at Rockferry in Cheshire, and was one of six children, the other five being boys. She was educated partly at home, partly at Cheltenham. Among her schoolfellows was another child, destined in after life to become a writer—Mrs. Allen Harker—but the two novelists did not draw together in friendship until after schooldays were at an end. Meanwhile, Miss Sinclair, returning home, began to produce verse, and by the time she was twenty had already written a little sheaf of poems. In those days Mr. Gladstone was a force scattering post cards of well-meant but badly-expressed encouragement ("he was sensible of the merits they contained") on beginners, and the usual post card, with the addition of a few reviews, was perhaps the sum total of what happened to the two modest books of verse which Messrs. Kegan Paul published. This was succeeded some time afterwards by an article on metaphysics which had been commissioned by an American journal. Thus Miss Sinclair's first publications in England were verse, and in America prose.

Photo by J. H. Harris, Kilburn. **1, Blenheim Road, N.W.**

Miss May Sinclair's London home.

A friend having suggested that she had it in her to write stories, she tried her prentice hand on "Audrey Craven," a book of which she now thinks very little. This was published on the half profits system, and brought not much more grist to the mill than did "The Vicar of Wakefield." It was followed by "Mr. and Mrs. Neville Tyson" and by "Two Sides of a Question"; and with the publication of each of these Miss Sinclair's standing improved, until recognition came in both hemispheres with "The Divine Fire."

Miss Sinclair lives in St. John's Wood. For some years, whenever London seemed too full of a clamant vitality for her to work in peace, she fled to a little village in Yorkshire; but, as so doing meant spending nearly a whole day in the train, the northern home has been exchanged for one in Gloucestershire, and she is discovering for herself whether "at Stow-on-the-Wold the wind blows cold."

III.

In "The Divine Fire" which sold very widely in America, Miss Sinclair gave no indication of her dissatisfaction with the traditional method of novel-writing; she did no more in that book than give her readers a glimpse of undercurrents. Her other novels, arresting pieces of work, were the well-told stories of the competent craftsman. "The Three Sisters," "The Combined Maze," "The Tree of Heaven," were good in matter and in manner. But other writers, such for instance—to mention only some of the women—as Mary E. Mann with "Ronald Love," Margaret L. Woods with "A Village Tragedy," Edith Wharton with "The House of Mirth," Elizabeth Robins with "The Dark Lantern," Violet Hunt with "White Rose of Weary Leaf," were producing novels as fine. Miss Sinclair was one of a golden fellowship, but until she wrote "Mary Olivier" she did not stand out from among them as definitely critical of tradition.

Dissatisfaction, however, was in the air. A number of writers, weary of the iterated tale, of the *mélange* of sentimentality, convention, faked incident and false psychology known as the popular novel, were making experiments of one sort and another; and when Miss Sinclair published "Mary Olivier," she ranged herself definitely with the pioneers. Her position as a writer who has had the courage to look at life from an individual standpoint will be strengthened by her forthcoming book. In "The Romantic" (published in England by Collins, in America by the Macmillan Company) she uses the direct method, presenting her story through the mind of one of the characters. This method is also employed by others of the group to which she belongs, for instance, Dorothy Richardson; but to say that Miss Sinclair derives from this writer would be doing her less than justice. For one thing, Miss Sinclair was experimenting with this method before Miss Richardson began to write, and for another, their work has nothing else in common. Miss Richardson's is monumental. Having chosen a dumping-ground she is pouring on to it novel-load after novel-load of heterogeneous objects, and by so doing is raising an immense, an almost Cyclopean, mound. Miss Sinclair, on the contrary, is selective. She produces an effect of lightning, of concentrated seeing, of extraordinary and sudden brilliancy, and this effect is particularly apparent in her presentation of John Roden Conway in "The Romantic." I do not know of any piece of writing more subtly forcible than the lifting of veil after veil from the man's personality until the creature stands revealed in pitiable

Photo by J. H. Alden, Stow-on-the-Wold. **The White Hart Inn,**

where Miss Sinclair stays on her frequent visits to Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucestershire.

nakedness. Miss Sinclair presents him to us, and the reader is left to find the pity of humanity for a soul so marred, to murmur in fear and trembling, "Can such things be?" and to acknowledge unwillingly, sorrowfully, that they are.

Photo by W. E. Wilkins. **Miss May Sinclair.**

The hut at Stow-on-the-Wold in which much of her writing is done.

The method chosen, this method of direct presentation, that is to say of presentation through a certain consciousness, has its advantages. It constrains the writer to a rigid aloofness. Admirably disciplined, she no longer "walks in the garden," but has become an impersonal First Cause; in fact the method is one that may be recommended to the prolix and the young. Even so, it is a case of "if youth could——" for the method is peculiarly exacting. In Miss Sinclair's hands it proves at times, not so much a revelation of the individual through which she is telling the story, as of those by whom that individual is surrounded. This is the case with "The Romantic." The interest is centred in John Roden Conway, and he is seen through the eyes of a girl who loved him. The opening of those eyes to the fact that he is a hopeless degenerate, the opening of them by incident after incident till we reach the culminating horror of his death, is the theme of the book.

Considered as a story, it is interesting to note that "The Romantic" is a stronger book than "Mary Olivier." Gerald Cumberland says that the writer "who at all times and seasons searches and burrows for the *mot juste* . . . loves letters more than he loves life," and this is a reproach which may be levelled at too many of our pioneers. The primary object of the novelist is to tell a tale; in other words, much as the manner in which a tale is told concerns us, the story concerns us more, and when we have swept the house clear of old rubbish, it were pity if we should find ourselves without the wherewithal to garnish it. The Greeks and Elizabethans gave us great stories, their successors occupied themselves with technique, and time has spoken with regard to both. . . . Miss Sinclair has an amazing knowledge of sex psychology, she has a penetrative imagination, and hers is a quite remarkable technique. We now await from her the great, universal, human story that alone is worthy of her powers.

JOHN GALSWORTHY AS DRAMATIST.

By Rowland Kenney.

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING asserted many years ago that "The Colonel's Lady and Judy O'Grady are sisters under their skins." A few days ago Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Edward Clodd had a short and somewhat acrimonious discussion proving that they did not disagree on the point that man's fundamental characteristics have not altered much since the Stone Age. We have a thin veneer of civilisation, we have learned that certain repressions and prohibitions are necessary, but we scratch and bite like beasts if our interests are directly threatened. And in "The Skin Game," now being played at the St. Martin's Theatre, Mr. John Galsworthy has given this idea dramatic form.

Mr. John Galsworthy.

The plot of the play is not new. It turns on the conflict between the established order, as represented "since Elizabeth" by the county family of Hillcrist, and the upstart, self-made manufacturer from the North, Hornblower. Hillcrist is a gentleman, with the instincts of a gentleman. Hornblower is a getter-on, with neither education nor family tradition. Out of spite, because Mrs. Hillcrist will not call on his son "Chearlie" and Charley's wife Chloe, he is buying up the country-side, running up factories, and gradually surrounding the Hillcrist estate with the grime and dirt and discomfort of an industrial town.

Hillcrist's daughter Jill, a slangy, "rangey," up-to-date girl who is on very friendly terms with young Rolf Hornblower, wants everything settled quietly and sensibly. Why can't mother call on Chloe, she wants to know. "Why all this—this attitude to the Hornblowers?"

But Hornblower is impossible. He is not a gentleman.

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He does not even keep his promises. Hillcrist has sold him some cottages on the understanding that the tenants shall not be interfered with. Hornblower gives them notice to quit—breaks his word. Hillcrist is astounded. The man simply won't play the game!

"A cad I call him," says Mrs. Hillcrist.

"That's it, ma'am—got all the advantages," replies Dawker, the Hillcrist agent.

The game is carried a step further by Hornblower trying to buy up the Centry, a piece of land overlooking the Hillcrist house, and once belonging to the Hillcrist estate. He intends to build works with great smoky chimneys on it; but he will desist if the Hillcrists will recognise his family socially. They refuse, and Hornblower declares for a fight to a finish; for "the Skin Game." He will smoke them out of the place. When the Centry is put up to auction he outbids Hillcrist, and buys it at an atrocious figure. Now he has the Hillcrists in the midst of his smoke spot.

There is one chink in Hornblower's armour, and he does not know it. But Dawker does, and very soon Mrs. Hillcrist learns of it. Mrs. Chloe has a past; Dawker can and does prove it, thus giving Mrs. Hillcrist her opportunity. Exposure is the weapon that falls into Mrs. Hillcrist's hands, and she means to use it. Hillcrist recoils from such foulness. This is no work for a gentleman. It is as bad, or worse, than the methods of Hornblower himself. But Mrs. Hillcrist has just seen the Centry bought over their purse and she carries on relentlessly; and finally her husband succumbs. But even as he exposes his weakness, shows that his gentility is not proof against a really vital attack on his home, and stoops to pick up his wife's dirty weapons, he touches our sympathies. "Don't let's have any humbug about its being morally necessary," he says. "We do it to save our skins."

Hard, bitter, revengeful, Mrs. Hillcrist carries the thing through. Chloe is brought face to face with the agents who had once employed her as a professional co-respondent; she breaks down and, later, attempts to commit suicide. Hornblower, who loved his son's wife as if she had been his own daughter, is broken utterly. Even the young people are definitely parted by the storm. Worst of all, after having joined hands with Mrs. Hillcrist in swearing on the Testament not to breathe a word of the scandal on consideration that Hornblower transfers the Centry to Hillcrist at a reasonable figure, Dawker, despised, flouted and insulted beyond endurance by Charley Hornblower, tells Charley the story of Chloe's shame; and Charley reviles her.

Hillcrist is aghast at the thought of the depths to which he has sunk. He and his wife are as mired as the Hornblowers; there is not a rag to choose between them. "Hypocrite," hisses Hornblower at the end, when Hillcrist expresses his sorrow. The word pierces Hillcrist through and through. "What's gentility worth if it can't stand fire?" he asks, as the curtain falls.

An excellent play, and the acting is evenly good—very good indeed—throughout. As Hornblower Mr. Edmund Gwenn makes the best of a splendid opportunity for vivid characterisation and powerful acting. But why particularise where all are excellent. The technique of the play shows Mr. Galsworthy at his best; but he fails in one scene. The auction scene is tedious. We miss the crowd. It is no use asking us, the audience, to pretend that we are the crowd; we cannot do it. We are generally too busy following the conflict on the stage or the fortunes of one particular player. The rest of the audience does not, or should not, exist for us. And this is a point that needs emphasis; for it is one of Mr. Galsworthy's weaknesses. We saw it in that powerful play "Justice." The trial scene there was "real"; but only occasionally were we lifted out of the police court atmosphere into the surge of dramatic emotion. In that one scene there are fourteen pages of long speeches; the defending counsel opening with one of four pages! On the other hand, in "Strife," Mr. Galsworthy assembled a crowd with real dramatic effect. The speeches were pithy—suggestions of speeches, and the crowd played up to them.

There is also a danger of Mr. Galsworthy stereotyping his characters. The hard, unfeeling and utterly ruthless cave-woman, Mrs. Hillcrist, we have met before in his plays. In "The Silver Box" she is called Mrs. Barthwick; in "Joy" she is Mrs. Hope; and we find her—considerably toned down, but essentially the same—as Enid Underwood in "Strife." All these women are ready to hit below the belt, to play foul in a "Skin Game." "Rubbish!" says Mrs. Barthwick, when her husband prates of his principles. "You haven't any! Your principles are nothing in the world but sheer—fright!" Persistence in exposing this type of woman—admittedly common in certain high levels of society—will lose its effect if it is not restrained.

The success of Mr. Galsworthy on the English stage is a considerable achievement; for English realism is rarely impressive. The baring of the soul in public is an offence to the English temperament. Mr. Galsworthy troubles our minds; he sets us to brooding over uncomfortable problems; he insists upon our seeing, not two but twenty-two, sides of a question. He gives us little pleasure, but he holds us. He even compels us to listen to him again and again.

CURSOR MUNDI.*

By George Sampson.

THERE is a passage in one of those deathless and delightful Irish R.M. stories that seems like the ultimate criticism of Mr. Wells's historical epic. Just as the Poundlick Races are about to begin there is a diversion: "'Boys, hurry! There's a man dead, north!' shrieked a boy, leaping from the top of a bank, "come north till we see him!' We proceeded in the direction of the catastrophe. The dead man was even less dead than I had expected. He was leaning against a fence, explaining to Dr. Catherine

* "The Outline of History: Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind." By H. G. Wells, with the Help of Ernest Barker, Sir E. Ray Lankester, Sir H. H. Johnston and Professor Gilbert Murray. Illustrated by J. F. Horrabin. 21s. net. (Cassell.)

Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

At the Auction.

Mr. Athole Stewart as Hillcrist; Miss Helen Heye as Mrs. Hillcrist; Miss Meggie Albanesi as Chloe; and Mr. Edmund Gwenn as Hornblower; in "The Skin Game."

Photo by Foulsham & Banfield.

Hornblower surrenders.

Mr. George Elton as Dawker; Miss Helen Heye as Mrs. Hillcrist; and Mr. Edmund Gwenn as Hornblower, in Mr. John Galsworthy's play, "The Skin Game," at St. Martin's Theatre.

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Fraser that he felt all the noise of all the wars of all the worlds within in his head. Dr. Fraser replied that she would like a more precise description. The sufferer, whose colour was returning, varied the metaphor, and said that the sound was for all the world like the quacking of ducks."

In Mr. Wells's cosmic drama the curtain rises on a chaos of weltering world-stuff smitten with perpetual rain that hisses and steams in the fervent heat. Presently, as in some super-Wagnerian opera, the curtain of cloud thins off, and we see a world of gross and fecund swamps with obscene life stirring faintly in the slime. And then we pass to aboriginal man clubbing savagely at his fellows, to Assyria and Egypt and Alexander and imperious Cæsar (here dead and turned to clay), and all the noise of all the wars of the world sounds in our ears. The ages roll away; and the curtain falls at the end on a huddle of little men haggling round a table—they are Signor Orlando of tottering Italy, Monsieur Clemenceau, called "The Tiger," but cunning and obstinately porcine rather than feline, Mr. Lloyd George, fluent, shifty, hectic, and the defeated ruler of "the country that won the war," the shattered and silenced idealist called President Woodrow Wilson; and there, in the spirit of tradesmen making a deal, without vision, without charity, without hope, they bargain away the destinies of nations; and the noise is for all the world like the quacking of ducks.

This distracted globe has been in travail for unthinkable ages, and has produced Us. From Chaos to Churchill! Was it all worth while?

To-day a million dead lie in the fields and under the waters, and a million blind and maimed creep on in pain and poverty, and still the little men haggle round their table; and the noise is for all the world like the quacking of ducks.

What a story!

It is a story no one has ever told before, a story that perhaps no one but Mr. Wells could have told in this way; and he is entitled to the highest praise that can be given to great talents greatly used. His scientific mind, his natural logic, his insatiable curiosity, his social courage, his teeming interest in life, his epic view of man, and his passion for parables—for pouring out his heart in lay sermons—all combine to make him the one man in England able to compile a history of human life and to endow it with a living interest. The highest compliment we can pay him is to say that he has filmed the world's story and made its course visible to the man in the street.

It is towards the making of such books as this in all departments of human knowledge that the first-hand research of specialists should be directed. The paradox of intellectual progress is that the more we discover the less we can learn. Once a man might take all knowledge for his province; but knowledge has grown from a province to an empire on which the sun never sets. We cannot course with the sun, and must be content to be busy in a corner, until some one with the magic of art gives us glimpses of the strange seas that we can never voyage in. After the artisans of knowledge must come the artist. We have reached a period when these daring syntheses are specially needed in philosophy, in history, in science. The rapidly broadening sweeps of knowledge have been accompanied by no broadening of vision. Bewildered with teeming facts and discoveries, we look on amazed, disheartened, hopeless. The world welters with knowledge, yet people were never so ignorant. Here such writers as Mr. Wells can help us. He has courageously attempted to reduce all history, whether recorded in rocks or in writings, into the compass of any man's reading, and we may now say decisively that no one can hereafter claim to be educated who is ignorant of this new "Cursor Mundi." The reader is not bound to agree with the writer's views; but he must know why he disagrees. The learned friends who have helped and advised Mr. Wells record their dissent or hesitation at many points in most valuable foot-notes, and there are numerous references that will enable the reader to pursue questions that specially attract him. But whatever our doubts about details or interpretation, here we have in six hundred and fifty pages a sketch of what every civilised man should know about the human society in which he lives and for which he is responsible.

Although I am not a learned person I want to venture a few reservations of my own. I feel that the book as a whole suffers a little from Mr. Wells's extraordinary response of mind to circumstances. He keeps pace with the times so eagerly that his Utopia of to-day is not his Utopia of yesterday or to-morrow. The book ends more as a Tract for the Times than as a History. Thus, Mr. Wells is so anxious—so righteously anxious—to discredit our contemporary little Napoleons, that he is unjust to the great original. He denounces Napoleon as shrilly as if he were denouncing the Northcliffe Press. His chapter would have been eagerly accepted as an article by the *Quarterly Review* or *Blackwood's Magazine* in 1820; for the effect of his bitter invective is that readers are left with the impression that Napoleon was a monster tyrant righteously attacked by all the forces of freedom, and that Pitt, Castlereagh, Metternich, Russia, Prussia and the rest of the jackals, were the saviours of Europe. We fought against Napoleon, Pitt assured us, for one great right, Security. Security! Yes, but what security? The security of monarchs to keep mankind in chains. Regarded absolutely Napoleon was as disastrous as any other expression of military egoism; but compared with the mob of legitimists who conspired to crush him, he was an apostle of liberty:

"Napoleon! 'twas a high name lifted high;
It met at last God's thunder sent to clear
Our compassing and covering atmosphere,
And open a clear sight, beyond the sky,
Of supreme empire: this of earth's was done—
And kings crept out again to feel the sun.

"The kings crept out—the peoples sate at home—
And finding the long invocated peace
A pall embroidered with worn images
Of rights divine, too scant to cover doom
Such as they suffered—cursed the corn that grew
Rankly to bitter bread on Waterloo."

Is Mr. Wells on the side of these creeping kings? The revolutions of 1830 and 1848 were the reply of maddened peoples to the "liberty" given them by the infantry of Wellington and the hussars of Blücher, and the end is not yet. What monarchical Europe

did to Revolutionary France is being exactly paralleled in what commercial Europe has done to Revolutionary Russia. Let there be any attempt to find a way out of our predatory system, whether the attempt be made by single prophets, by groups, or by nations, and all the resources of greed, stupidity and mendacity are marshalled in opposition. There is a cult of Castlereagh at the moment; he is openly lauded as the man who was not afraid to shoot down reformers; and I believe that Mr. Wells's violence against Napoleon will be understood as approval of Napoleon's antagonists and their view of "security." There was a Napoleon to whom Beethoven dedicated his Eroica Symphony, though he tore up the dedication when the mummery of the Empire began. We hear nothing of Beethoven's Napoleon from Mr. Wells. I ask him to consider the probable course of European history after 1794 if Napoleon had never existed. Deserter as Napoleon was from the great movement that helped to make him, nevertheless he is identified in the popular mind with the struggle of a nation for freedom to choose its own form of government. Napoleon is the biggest advertisement the French Revolution has ever had.

Mr. H. G. Wells.

From a drawing by Robert J. Swan.

The great name of Beethoven invoked above brings me to my main cause of dissatisfaction with Mr. Wells's story. Mr. Wells tells us something about Heraclius, but nothing about Heracleitus, something about the Ptolemies, but nothing about Pythagoras. Lucretius is mentioned; but I cannot recall any reference to Leibniz or Descartes or Spinoza or Shakespeare or Milton or Shelley. And of course mere musicians like Mozart and Beethoven and mere painters like Rembrandt and Titian have no part in this world-history. Surely something serious is wanting in the story of mankind from which these makers of mind and soul are omitted! Surely Mr. Wells does not want to encourage the belief that art is a mere ornament with which the truly serious man must learn to dispense! Are the poets to be driven from his Commonwealth, as from Plato's? What is the matter with the world to-day is just that belief in nothing but material things, with its natural opposite, a resort to the wildest superstitions of occultism. Great art, like laughter or love, is a mode of sane and wholesome life, and without it man is but a part of man, and not the better part. I believe that in the "history of life and mankind" Shakespeare is more important than Shalmaneser and Beethoven more important than Barbarossa, and I want another Mr. Wells to give us another outline of history in which the creative work of the artists and philosophers shall have its eternal and glorious place; for I have closed the present volume with admiration and amazement, but with a feeling that what Mr. Wells has written is the history, not of man, but of the voter. In the beginning of his story we hear the roar of chaos clearing into the music of the spheres; in the end we hear nothing but the noise of politics; and the sound is for all the world like the quacking of ducks.

JOHN EVELYN: 1620-1920.

By F. C. Owlett.

On the 31st October, 1620, at Wotton House, near Dorking, was born John, the second son of Richard Evelyn, Esquire, whose father, George Evelyn, had acquired wealth in the manufacture of gunpowder—Fortune's pretty way of securing independence and leisure to our pacific diarist. At five years of age John was sent to his maternal grandfather's place at Lewes, and became a scholar at Southover Free School, where he continued to attend until he entered Balliol College, Oxford, in May, 1637. In 1640 he and his younger brother, Richard, went into residence at the Middle Temple, whence they were suddenly recalled to Wotton by the illness of their father, who died on the 24th December of that year. There and then ended John's dalliance with the law—"That impolished study to which (I suppose) my father had designed me." From July to October, 1641, he was adventuring in Holland and Belgium. In November, 1643, he again

left England. By this time the Civil War was in full swing, and the pressure which it seems had been put on the young man to subscribe to the Solemn League and Covenant had persuaded him that it was a propitious moment for setting out on the Grand Tour. He nowhere puts himself forward as a hero—and with the necessary space at our disposal it would be easy to show that he was anything but a coward. His contemporary, Halifax, might have claimed him as a fellow Trimmer, and anyhow the course steered by Evelyn through the political storms of his time has its best vindication in the famous and eloquent "Character."

John Evelyn.

After a portrait by Nanteuil.

The story of his wanderings through France, Italy and Switzerland, accompanied during part of the time by Edmund Waller the poet, and other of his "malcontent" countrymen, fills a fourth of the entire "Diary," and is brought to a close by his return to England in October, 1647. But not before he had been married in Paris (27th June) to Mary, daughter of Sir Richard Browne, the English Ambassador, the officiating clergyman having been the royalist exile Dr. John Earle, known to fame as the writer of "Microcosmographie." It was an ideal union, and was to last for nearly sixty years.

On the execution of the King on the 30th January, 1649, Evelyn (who in 1641 had seen fall "the wisest head in England") "kept the day of his martyrdom a fast, and would not be present at that execrable wickedness." At last, on the 3rd September, 1658, "Died that arch-rebel, Oliver Cromwell, called Protector"; and Evelyn became active among those who planned the return of Charles II. He was in fact invited to go himself to Holland to bring over the King, but owing to illness had to be content with passively watching the royal entry into London on the 29th May, 1660. "I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and blessed God."

Thenceforward, for the remainder of a long life which was by no means minus its exciting passages, he devoted himself to the public service, filling an astonishing number of rôles with great advantage to the common weal. For loftiness of purpose and singleness of heart, and as a great decliner of honours and titles in an age that scrambled for them with perhaps rather more than the usual indecency, he is worthy to be held in everlasting honour.

When talking or writing of Evelyn one seldom gets very far without introducing the name of his diaristic foil, Sam Pepys. The pair were very good friends, and, filling with conspicuous ability responsible offices in the State, each was identified with the development of the Navy under the Stuarts. Each committed his thoughts on private and public affairs to a diary "not for publication," and the diary of each was duly made public in the early years of an inquisitive and acquisitive Nineteenth century. There however the parallel ends; and if one may imagine Evelyn's spirit having been moved to a smile in 1818, one may depend on it that, in 1825, the ghost of his more vulnerable friend shuddered into nothingness. For the rest, Pepys, who planned to write, but never wrote, a History of the First Dutch War, succeeded in losing Evelyn's own written History of the Second Dutch War, which had been lent for his encouragement. At any rate, nobody appears to know what happened to it (always with the possible exception of Warburton's cook).

And now a word on Evelyn's style. He has no style. This I venture to affirm in spite of the expressed opinion of an admirable stylist of our own day, who says that "He [Evelyn] was much the oldest of the new writers, and was, perhaps, the very earliest to go deliberately to French models of brevity and grace." Brevity and grace! Mr. Gosse, a right excellent judge of French literary graces, and himself an exemplar of graceful English, has been caught nodding here, an I do not sleep. Professor Saintsbury, the Jupiter Olympus of modern criticism, pronounces wakefully on the diarist, that he has "little idiosyncrasy of composition or expression. He has neither the splendour of the old style nor the precision and telling point of the new." Ruskin's praise of Evelyn's "Sylva" as the best book on forest trees of any European language or time, coming as it does from *that* wonderful master of style, may seem to lend countenance to Mr. Gosse, till one remembers, first, that in literary criticism Ruskin was always wilful, and (consequently) nearly always wrong, and, secondly, that he never ceased to deplore the fact that people read his *own* books for his fine writing, rather than for his information and teaching.

The truth is that we are not called on to regard Evelyn's work in terms of style. His aims are quite clearly discernible, and they did not lie in that direction. Such literary ambition as he had was that of the encyclopædist. He wrote luminously (and *vol*uminously, as Sheridan would have added) on a bewildering variety

of subjects, including History, Religion, Navigation and Commerce, Architecture, Engraving, Forest Trees, Numismatics, London Smoke (a nuisance even in his day), Salads, besides translations of Lucretius, St. Chrysostom and others, yet without leaving any work that is held nowadays in esteem " for either style or thought " (to quote G. L. Craik) " or for anything save what it may contain of positive information or mere matter of fact."

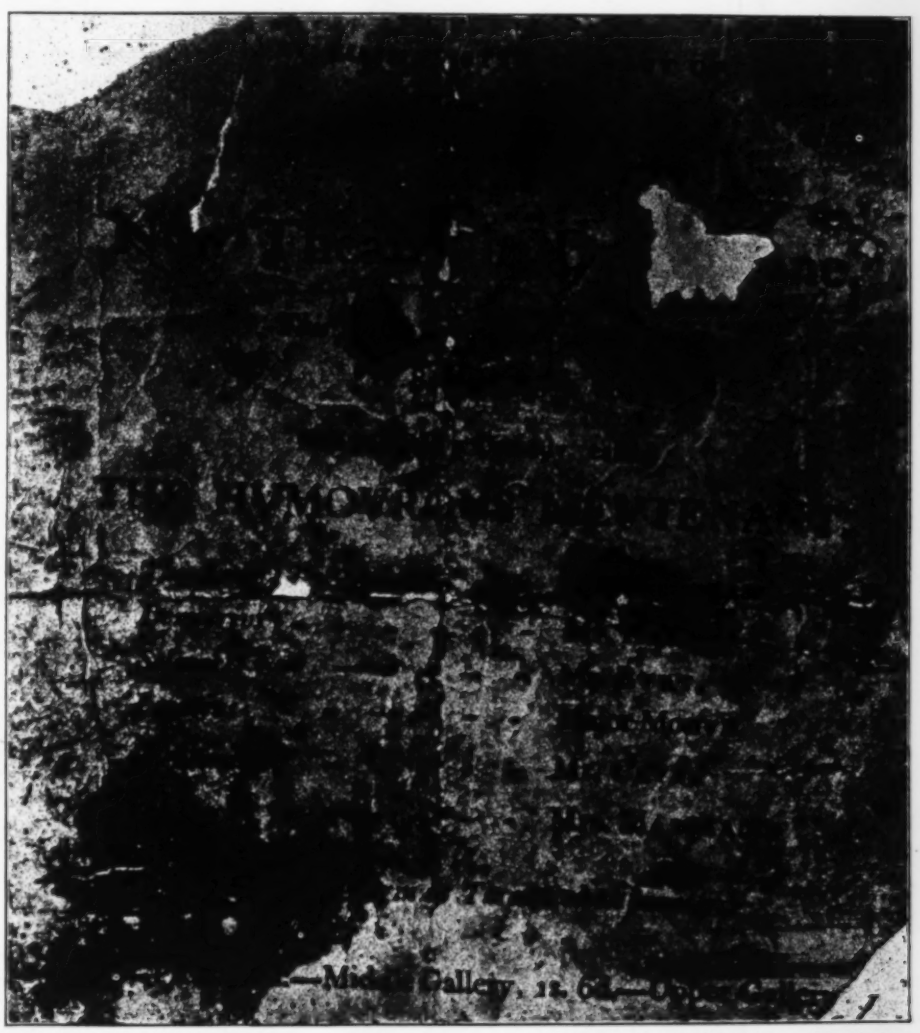
His book may not possess the psychological value of Pepys's Diary; he may seldom take the reader into his confidence as poor Pepys does unaware; yet, as Mr. Austin Dobson has observed, " Touching at many points the multiform life of his time, and reflecting its varied characteristics with insight and moderation, his records have a specific value and importance which fairly entitle them to be regarded as unique."

In times that were notoriously corrupt he proved it possible to be in the world yet not of it. Unlike Pepys, he is morally unimpeachable. Moving as he did in the company of Buckingham and Rochester and their kind in the profligate Courts of the Restoration, no word was ever breathed against his character as a man and as a Christian. Cardinal Grandison, in Beaconsfield's " Lothair," recommends the young hero to read Evelyn's " Sylva," saying, " Mr. Evelyn had a most accomplished mind; indeed, a character in every respect that approached perfection "; and adding, truly, though a trifle inconsequently, " He was also a most religious man." When Cowley died, Charles II declared that he had not left a better man behind him; and the saying might have been repeated, with equal probability; by Queen Anne, on the death in 1706 of Cowley's correspondent and friend, John Evelyn.

A SPURIOUS OLD PLAYBILL.

By W. J. Lawrence.

COLLECTORS of antiques will confidently tell you that the risk of counterfeits is in strict ratio with the rarity and market value of the genuine article, but, fairly sound as it has proved in the working, this rule does not always apply. Old playbills have never fetched fancy prices, much as they are sought after by a certain type of theatrical enthusiast, and yet old bills have been known to be faked. Not a few of these shams are mere *jeux d'esprit* which rarely, if ever, deceive. The exception is that quaint old Kilkenny bill which speaks of " Hamlet " as " originally written and composed by the celebrated Dan Hayes of Limerick, and inserted in Shakespeare's works," a side-splitting squib still occasionally reproduced in books of theatrical ana as a genuine issue. One momentous forged bill, however, of an entirely different order exists. It purports to be a daybill of the opening performance at the first Drury Lane Theatre in 1663, and was designed by its clever concoctor to nullify Malone's contention that bills



Facsimile of Spurious Playbill,

Same size as the original, which is in the possession of Mrs. Enthoven, with whose kind permission it is reproduced.

with casts were unknown before the eighteenth century. Said to have originally been in the collection of James Bindley, a bibliophile and curio-hunter, who died in 1818, this remarkable bill was first given to the world in "The Actor's Budget" in 1820. Since that it has been seriously accepted by many stage historians and is now incorporated with the absorbing story of Old Drury. In this way a wrong date has been widely disseminated for the inception of our great national theatre.

Now, after the lapse of a century, during which nobody knew of its whereabouts, this mysterious fabrication has emerged from obscurity and been acquired by Mrs. Enthoven, a lady well known to theatrical antiquaries as the proud possessor of the largest and finest collection of London playbills in the world. By her kind permission it is now reproduced in exact facsimile for the first time. Mounted for preservation on stiff paper, its soiled, worn aspect gives it an air of antiquity to which it has no claim. This is largely contributed to by the printer's over-meticulous substitution of "v's" for "u's," though he omitted to note that to be in keeping with the period the "s" in "Thursday" should have been old-faced and like a modern "f." The truth is that the able antiquary who forged the bill was not astute enough to cover up all his tracks. He was sufficiently well posted not to give to a seventeenth-century bill the amplitude which marked the bills of succeeding times, but he committed at least one vital error of omission. Whether or not the bill, as being the first announcement issued by the King's Players from the new Theatre Royal, should have been headed by the royal arms, it is at any rate certain that the bill, if genuine, would have been finished off with the then customary "Vivat Rex." Contributory, however, as are these minor flaws, demonstration of the forgery relies on external evidence.

All the details in the bill save the hour of commencing and the prices of admission were derived from Downes's *Roscius Anglicanus*, an inaccurate and rambling record of Restoration stage annals, published in 1708, when the erstwhile prompter, its author, was suffering from senile decay. Here is the erroneous statement on which the forger based, even going so far as to adopt some of the phraseology: "The Company being thus Compleat, they opened the New Theatre in *Drury Lane*, on Thursday in *Easter* Week, being the 8th Day of *April*, 1663, with the Humorous Lieutenant. *Note*, This Comedy was Acted Twelve Days Successively."

Following this Downes gives a cast of the principal characters: "King, Mr. Wintershel; Demetrius, Mr. Hart; Seleucus, Mr. Burt; Leontius, Major Mohun; Lieutenant, Mr. Clun; Celia, Mrs. Marshal."

So complete is the resemblance between Downes's statement and the bill, it is plain that the latter must have been based on the former. Both speak of "the new Theatre in Drury Lane," both fix the date inaccurately at Thursday, April 8th, 1663, and both give the same incomplete cast of principals.

Unhappily for the forger, Pepys's Diary failed to be transcribed for publication until 1825, otherwise he would have detected Downes's blundering. But if he had taken the simple precaution to consult a perpetual calendar he would have seen that April 8th, 1663, fell on a Wednesday, not a Thursday, and not in Easter week but ten days earlier. That undoubtedly would have given him pause, because he knew enough about old-time theatrical routine to grasp that no new playhouse would ever have been opened in Lent.

The evidence of Pepys reveals the stupidity of Downes and clearly proves the bill a forgery. On May 7th, 1663, we find Pepys writing, "This day the new Theatre Royal begins to act with scenes the Humourous Lieutenant, but I have not time to see it." This must not be taken to mean that the King's Players had previously acted the play at the new theatre without scenery. It is simply a record of the fact that they then began to use scenery for the first time, their previous theatre in Vere Street having been fitted up in the old Elizabethan manner. The date of opening is confirmed by the details given by the diarist on the following day:

> "Thence to my brother's and there took up my wife and Ashwell to the Theatre Royall, being the second day of its being opened. . . . The play was the Humerous Lieutenant, a play that hath little good in it, nor much in the very part which by the King's command, Lacy now acts instead of Clun."

Clun had formerly acted the title character in the play when it was given at Court by the King's Players in April, 1661, and the fact that Lacy was now substituted in it at the King's command shows how deeply Downes's memory had betrayed him.

There is good reason to believe that the forger of the bill was that great Elizabethan scholar, John Payne Collier, who besmirched a fine career by concocting many documents and falsifying others with the view of establishing theories. That Collier was a collector, among other things, of seventeenth-century bills and broadsides is known. A Red Bull fencing bill of 1663, formerly in his possession, is reproduced in that olla podrida of diversified pleasings, the "Rariora," of John Eliot Hodgkin.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

OCTOBER, 1920.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Ltd., Warwick Square, London, E.C.4.

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best *original* lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best brief quotation from any English author to be placed over the entrance to a Free Library.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

I.—The Prize for the best lyric is divided, and HALF A GUINEA each awarded to A. D. Johnson, of Duckpool Farm, Mortehoe, North Devon, and C. A. Macartney, cher Mme. Michel-Vallar, 8, Grande Rue, Grenoble, Dép. d'Iserè, France, for the following:

MARCH DUST.

If he comes in winter, winter shall be spring;
The year shall run back again, and bring the budding-time
With the blue sky showing through the rifts up aloft,
And the March dust blowing on the King's high road.

Or if he comes in spring, it shall be a fairer spring
Than ever went abroad since the waking of the world
With the clear stream flowing that was bound by the frost
And the March dust blowing on the King's high road.

But he will not come in winter, he will not come in spring;
All things come again, but he will not return
With the green things growing through the fallen leaves,
And the March dust blowing on the King's high road.

Old folk die in winter, at the grip of the frost;
They die in the dead time; but I shall wait for spring;
Wait for the knowing that I look forth in vain
Through the March dust blowing on the King's high road.

A. D. JOHNSON.

IN THE NIGHT.

Waking suddenly up
Still I listen and lie. . . .
What has shaken the night,
Passing quietly by?

Never a step in the street,
Never a wind to blow;
Nothing stirring above,
Nothing moving below.

Yet in the midnight hour
Under the silent sky
Something came where I slept,
Passing quietly by,

Dropping out of the height,
Rising out of the deep,
Past the veil of the stars,
Through the curtain of sleep—

Was it the wings of Death
Rushing down from on high?
Was it your soul, my soul,
Passing quietly by?

C. A. MACARTNEY.

We also select for printing:

MAGDALENE.

The matron draws her skirts aside,
The righteous sigh;
The maiden lifts her head in pride,
As *She* goes by

Red roses lie upon her breast,
And in her hair;
Her eyes are dim with a soul's unrest,
And tragic care.

Her lips are stained with sin, they say,
And yet there's this:
A child cried by the road one day—
She stooped to kiss.

She dried his tears with tender hands,
Her eyes were wet;
And He Who saw her understands,
Tho' all forget.

(Ethel E. Mannin, St. Catharines, Vicarage Road, Twickenham.)

We select for special commendation the lyrics by Malcom Hemphrey (Farnborough), M. B. (Calne), Myfanwy Price (Spilsby), Laurence Groom (London, N.W.), Marguerite Sanders (London, W.), Enid M. Norman (Weston), Winnifred Tasker (Llandudno), Nora Malleson (London, W.), Enid Blyton (Beckenham), M. D. Baynes (Stroud), Eileen Newton (Whitby), Vera K. Nation (London, W.C.), Freda I. Noble (London, E.), N. R. Saker (London, N.), W. A. G. Kemp (Northwood), Mrs. P. H. Sitters (West Ealing), F. Davidson (Bryansford), Edith Potter (Chapel-en-le-Frith), E. D. Bangay (St. Helens, Auckland), C. Burton (Upper Norwood), Elsie H. Raspin (Bradford), Phyllis Erica Noble (Forest Rise), Margaret A. Fountain (Wimbledon), Grace M. Tyrrell (West Kensington), Marie R. Cross (Bristol), E. M. K. Harington (Folkestone), Vera I. Arlett (Worthing), Barbe H. Annaud (Glasgow), E. M. Taylor (London, N.W.), Mrs. Hearn (Florence), G. Seccombe (Exmouth), Mary E. Steel (Darlington), Esther Raworth (Harrogate), Vivien Brett Smith (Bournemouth), Cecil Thomas (Quetta), J. R. Wilmot (Birkenhead), Netta Pollok (Glasgow), J. A. B. (Highgate), Delphine Stringer (London, N.W.), Beatrice A. Chester (Doncaster), Kathleen Ida Noble (Forest Rise), Roland Goodchild (Nelson, Canada), K. R. Corlett (Lowestoft), A. P. Kingston (Willenhall), P. H. Lulham (Brighton), James Paton (Natal), Charles Edenburgh (Rugby), Kathleen Blyth (West Hartlepool), P. Hoole Jackson (Stockport), R. Scott Frayn (Timperley), Doreen

Photo by Capt. Payne, M.C. **Mr. Draycott M. Dell,**

whose brilliant new romance, "Drake's Drum," has just been published by Messrs. Jarrold.

Photo by W. E. Berry. **"John Knipe,"**

whose successful romance, "The Watch-Dog of the Crown," was recently published by Mr. John Lane.

Hateley (Walsall), C. L. Alexander (Harrogate), Mary F. E. Cotter (Harrow), D. A. Russell Gregg (Bristol), Francis I. Venables (Forest Hill), L. M. Priest (Norwich), Joan Warry (Dorset), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), W. S. Abbott (Oxford), Margaret Malim (Rochdale), Leslie J. Richards (Jarrow), G. M. Tuckett (Barry Docks), Mary A. Emerson (Whitby), Gwladys V. Smallpiece (Felsted), Gweneth Evan Jones (Brockenhurst), H. Round (Clapton), Miriam A. Coppinge (Cork), C. M. Cokes (Ealing).

II.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to W. Swancomb, of 50, Mile End Road, Norwich, for the following:

THE SEVEN WIVES OF BLUEBEARD.
TRANSLATED BY D. B. STEWART. (John Lane.)

"'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all."
TENNYSON, *In Memoriam.*

We also select for printing:

BONES. BY EDGAR WALLACE.
(Ward, Lock.)

"Alas, poor Yorick."
SHAKESPEARE, *Hamlet.*

(M. Turner, King's Walden, Windsor.)

MY PROFITABLE FRIENDS. BY ARNOLD PALMER.
(Selwyn & Blount.)

"Of his bones are corals made
Those are pearls that were his eyes."
Tempest.

(F. Waterfield, Hagley Hall, Rugeley, Staffs.)

THE PIPES OF WAR.
BY BREVET-COLONEL SIR BRUCE SETON, BART.
(Maclehose.)

'Fourpence a day for baccy—an' bloomin' gen'rous, too."
KIPLING, "*Back to the Army again.*"
(*Barrack-room Ballads.*)

(M. Godfrey, Brockham, Danbury, Essex.)

THE PASSION OF LABOUR. BY ROBERT LYND.
(Bell.)

"Giving too little and asking too much."
GEORGE CANNING, *Dispatch to Our Ambassador in Holland.*

(Ernest A. Carr, 6, Essendon Road, Sanderstead, Surrey.)

THE MAN WITHOUT A MEMORY.
BY A. W. MARCHMONT. (Ward, Lock.)

"Who is it that can tell me who I am?"
SHAKESPEARE, *King Lear, Act I., Sc. iv.*

(Kathleen Blyth, St. Joseph's Secondary School, Victoria Road, West Hartlepool.)

DOMESTIC LIFE IN SCOTLAND.
BY JOHN WARRACK, F.S.A.Scot. (Methuen.)

"There's many a black, black eye, they say."
TENNYSON, *The May Queen.*

(Annie Allen, 198, Willow Avenue, Edgbaston, Birmingham.)

III.—Several of the papers sent in for this competition are disqualified because they disregard the stipulation that the record shall be of a "personal experience that has convinced the writer that human beings are or are not masters of their own fates." Some of the anecdotes are inconclusive; the few that are in the affirmative fail to make a strong case and sometimes prove the contrary; the majority are in the negative. THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is awarded to Habberton Latham, of The Limes, Framlingham, Suffolk, for the following:

THE RUNAWAY.

Cycling one day, I heard a galloping behind me, and found myself being overtaken by a runaway horse in an empty cart, some five hundred yards away. The road was clear ahead and it seemed that none but myself was endangered and, rightly or wrongly, I thought my limbs of more value than cartwheels, and my life than a horse's; so, dismounting, I hastily decided to let them pass, and retreated to the hedge. But when the animal had come within about a hundred yards, suddenly I "changed" my mind, and, stepping into the roadway, waved my hands and shouted at him, with the result that, when some ten paces away, he swerved on to the sidesward. Then, as he came level with me, I made a rush, seized the reins, and, hanging on, brought him to a standstill against the opposite hedge. I turned him and led him back, and soon met a running butcher's boy who received him with many expressions of satisfaction: "Thank 'ee, sir," he panted, "I'd have lost my job over this if he'd smashed up, for I let him get away last week." Then I rode on; but found myself meditating with anything but satisfaction on my adventure. I felt humiliated: my change of decision had, apparently, been made by some other self than the one I thought I knew—one which might have killed me. Why had I taken this foolish, needless risk? Before long I concluded that I had not voluntarily taken it, but had only obeyed instincts lying unguessed within me: commands I had no power, in the moment of excitement, to disobey. I think I was not then, and may not ever be, alone the master of my fate, but only the agent of forbears, living still or passed from life.

We select for special commendation the replies by J. Campbell (Liverpool), Hilda Fletcher (Highgate), Sidney Anderson (West Didsbury), Gwendolen Leijonknfoud (Bournemouth West), A. Violet Gandy (Bath), Taher S. Mahomadi (Chelsea), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon), Mrs. Sybilla Kirkland Vesey (Glenfarg), Percy H. Jackson (Stockport), Elsie Johnson (Hull), Frank Clarkson (Hull), O. L. M. (London, E.C.).

IV.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review is awarded to Alan D. Emerson, of 7, Belvedere West, Taunton, for the following:

THE SONG OF THE BLOOD-RED FLOWER.
BY JOHANNES LINNANKOSKI. (Gyldendal.)

It is good to turn for a moment from modern English literature, with its welter of impressionism and intellectual reminiscence, and sun ourselves in the old pre-Raphaelite

charm that Johannes Linnankoski has captured in his idyll of young, handsome Olof, whom women loved too well. Olof's poetic adventures in passion read like northern Amores, but their simple candour is completely disarming. The latter half of the book, in which the ghosts of his lovers come back to haunt Olof's married life, lies gloomily in the shadow of Ibsen, until the inartistic but inevitable baby arrives to put matters right.

We also select for printing:

OPEN THE DOOR. By CATHERINE CARSWELL. (Melrose.)

The weakest part of this novel, otherwise a strong and skilful bit of work, is the story: it is a mere chronicle of a passionate Scotch girl's relations with men. Incidentally, we have her revolt from the narrow piety which her mother represents, but Mrs. Bannerman is an unusually interesting example of her type, a pathetic figure sympathetically drawn. It is a great pity that the development of the other characters suffers through the authoress's over-concentration on her heroine—this applies especially to the portrayal of the most attractive man in the book—Lawrence Urquhart, a shy but strong and generous nature.

(Winifred M. Davies, 148, King Street, Brynmawr, Breconshire.)

THE RESCUE. By JOSEPH CONRAD. (Dent.)

This romance of the Malay seas will rank as Mr. Conrad's highest achievement in literature. He unfolds with dramatic power the story of Captain Lingard, wanderer and man of the sea; who by strange ways is brought to a final stern decision between honour and passion for a woman chance-driven into his life. In his treatment of the complex theme, Mr. Conrad's qualities are finely displayed; the masterly delineation of character; the wonderful "atmosphere," visualising every scene with the vividness of tropical sunlight; and the classic perfection of style, welding the whole into a work of supreme art.

(Alan C. Fraser, "Highlands," St. George's Road, Broadstairs.)

LEGEND. By CLEMENCE DANE. (Heinemann.)

"Legend" defies criticism. One is caught up, by Miss Dane's magic, into a smoke-clouded room, containing a group of neurotic, morbid, intensely real people flung together for an evening; and we construct for ourselves from Anita's jealous hatred, Kent's love, Lilla's patronage and the delightful "Baxter girl's" *naïveté*, a legend of as wholly enchanting a woman as ever wandered through the land of fiction. Miss Dane has done more than write an amazing novel; from the smoke and dust of dead words and faded memories she has built up an enduring portrait of the soul of Madala Grey.

(Angela Cave, Battledown Lodge, Parkwood Road, Bournemouth.)

We also select for special commendation the reviews by M. Whitaker (Carlton), M. A. Lotz (Wimbledon), Annie P. Pearson (Halifax), Mabel Etchells (Wallasey), B. Noël Saxelby (Manchester), Ruth Bevan (Bude), Norman H. Johnson (Hornsea Bridge), Maude R. Fleeson (Manchester), A. E. Gowers (Haverill), J. Cuthbert Scott (Cheltenham), W. Swayne Little (Dublin), Hester Joyce (Liskeard), E. B. Durrant (Hampstead), F. Oliver (Melton Constable), J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Sidney S. Wright (Swanley), E. D. Lacey (Manchester), Ethel Webster (Bristol), Dorothy Hurst (Wolverhampton), Gwendoline W. Bowes (Blackburn), Sybil Sandeman (London, S.W.), K. Harvey (Oundle).

V.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO THE BOOKMAN is awarded to Miss A. J. Board, of 43, Royal Park, Clifton, Bristol.

"Mary Rose" and "Peter Pan" Prize Competitions—See announcement on page 1.

"THE GRAIN OF MUSTARD SEED" AND ITS AUTHOR.

By S. R. LITTLEWOOD.

AMONG all the fruits of the second "Peace" season in the London theatres, I doubt if there is any so important to the future as the little play at the little Ambassador's which brought Mr. H. M. Harwood in a single step to a place absolutely his own as one of our foremost dramatists. With "The Grain of Mustard Seed" Mr. Harwood has won a kind of charter for the political play of combined sanity, humour and intelligence. There have been other achievements of the time. Sir James Barrie and Mr. Galsworthy have kept their reputations above water—no mean thing—with "Mary Rose" and "The Skin Game," both produced, curiously enough, in the same week as "The Grain of Mustard Seed." Bright young fellows like Mr. Reginald Berkeley and Mr. Noël Coward have written agreeable comedies upon familiar old plots. "Ian Hay" has done something of the same sort. But we have had nothing else that emerged like "The Grain of Mustard Seed," as a definite signpost, pointing to new possibilities, a new hope and a new faith.

Photo by Stage Photo Co. **Mr. H. M. Harwood.**

The great fact about it is that it flouts triumphantly a belief which has hitherto dominated the whole organisation of our theatre—namely, that "judicial" ignorance and crass stupidity about everything else except sex, food and dress-making, are to be presupposed in a normal audience. Only those who have intimately to

do with the theatre know to what an extent this is regarded as an axiom. It is the very basis upon which the whole "minority-theatre" movement is founded. It is one of the reasons why, whenever there have been any attempts to get something better than pantomime-politics of the "three-cheers-for-beer" type upon the popular stage, they have always been stultified one way or the other. They have been so either through the dramatist coming down to the supposed level of his audience, or by his trying to awe them with paradoxes in the Shavian fashion, or bombard them with preachment, as Mr. Jones and Mr. Owen did in their anti-pacifist plays. True, in "Strife," Mr. Galsworthy came through with an earnest study of class-conflict. But it is to be doubted if "Strife" could be rightly described as "popular." Apart from it, there has not been a single play during the last twenty years in which a dramatist has taken for granted that the audience is politically as well-informed as himself, and succeeded upon that assumption. For the most part the cynical old tradition still divides our playgoing public into two supposed camps—a humourless minority and a brainless majority. Its effect remains disastrous. The supposition has almost made itself true. Between alternative banalities, a vast remainder of sensible people only tends the more to stay away from our prose-stage altogether.

It is this mountain of assumed stupidity that the faith of Mr. Harwood and of "The Grain of Mustard Seed" has started to push out of the way. Mr. Harwood has believed in his audience. He has written just as candid and sincere and well-informed a political play for them as he would for himself. The result is that people of all persuasions have flocked to the Ambassador's. They have delighted over political arguments which would have been voted anathema by any traditional manager. They have laughed over lines that are, when you came to look at them, mere statements of common-sense opinion, but are so startlingly fresh to the stage that they seem to radiate brilliance over the whole play.

As it happened, though little he had yet done had prepared us for the exploit, no one could well have been more fitted than Mr. Harwood to break down the old conventions. He inspires confidence as well as invites it. He is at once representative and disinterested. He is not a "crank." He belongs to no clique—"high-brow" or otherwise. An old Marlborough boy, son of a Bolton cotton-spinner and Member of Parliament, he is, like his fellow-playwright, Mr. Maugham, a doctor by profession—indeed, he was house-surgeon at St. Thomas's in 1916. He has varied things by being, for a time, managing-director in his father's firm. In short, he is just a good, sound blend of the professional and commercial elements in upper-middle class English life. As a captain in the R.A.M.C. he went through experiences in Egypt and elsewhere which put him in healthy sympathy with a "demobbed" world. Solid prosperity and ability lie at the back of him. His early plays—he seems to have been play-writing since he was little over twenty—were pleasant, popular, frankly "managerial" comedies. One remembers "Please Help Emily," "Interlopers" and "Billeted" (the last of them written with Mr. Edward Knoblock) as bright trifles with some whimsies of feminine character for Miss Gladys Cooper and Miss Iris Hoey, but nothing more. A little one-act Grand Guignol play called "The Mask," which Mr. Harwood adapted from a story by Miss F. Tennyson Jesse, was of a very different type and as horrible as could be; but the horror was not Mr. Harwood's apparent contribution. Then, suddenly, with "The Grain of Mustard Seed," written while he was far away from theatres on active service in Egypt, Mr. Harwood launched forth upon his campaign of faith! How far it is from the trail of present-day accepted dramas may, or may not, be shown in the fact that, even after having had the pluck to write it, Mr. Harwood was constrained (being a comparatively rich as well as businesslike man) to "present" it himself. Another decisive and encouraging feature! Since Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's essay in management years ago, Mr. Harwood is, I fancy, the first dramatist whose name has appeared as "sole lessee" upon his own programmes.

What, then, of the play itself? Brilliantly written as it is, with its now classic epigrams, like that on the reputation Canute would have made if he had waited for high-tide, the lasting value of "The Grain of Mustard Seed" seems to me to lie in the declaration and fulfilment

Photo by Stage Photo Co.

Lord Henry advises.

Mr. Fred Kerr as the Right Hon. Lord Henry Markham, M.P., and Miss Cathleen Nesbit as Marjorie Corbett, in Mr. H. M. Harwood's play, "The Grain of Mustard Seed," at the Ambassador's Theatre.

in itself of this new doctrine of faith—faith in one's fellow men. Compared with this, brilliant dialogue is a drug in the market. Jerry Weston, Mr. Harwood's triumphant optimist, with his belief that "most men mean well" and that "democracy will never be safe for the world until some one trusts the people well enough to tell them the truth," is not merely a bright piece of characterisation and a fine part for Mr. Norman McKinnel. He is at once a political and a dramatic inspiration. The play itself, as we have seen, was the product of a kindred faith to his. One has a strong suspicion that the whole science of politics, the world over, would be all the better for more Westons. Old Lord Markham, with his instinctive claim to the driver's job on the "bus of State," is a good deal more specious and, in the always agreeable person of Mr. Fred Kerr, perhaps a little flattering to his class. Still, the talks between these two—not to mention Mr. Garforth, the "moderate" man—are they not more interesting, more exciting, just because they are candid and unafraid of any misunderstanding on the audience's part, than all the crime-plots and toy-romances of a whole season put together?

The Confession.

Mr Norman McKinnel as Jerry Weston, and Miss Cathleen Nesbit as Marjorie Corbett, in "The Grain of Mustard Seed."

Of course there is the egregious blot of the heroine. How much better it would have been if Mr. Harwood's baby-food hero could have chosen for his soul's comrade Jane Strood—the delightfully Disraelian lady whom Miss Mabel Terry-Lewis plays with such grace—instead of that merely spoiled Marjory, who seemed to me neither a girl of the period nor worthy of any of the anxious praise she gets! Possibly she might be open to cure by being told very drastically the truth about herself, and made to feel in her bones that she is a nasty-minded little hussy, unfit for the society of decent people. But why waste an audience's time over that? It is little wonder that when Weston's election is over, the real interest of the play is done. One cares so little about the state of the heroine's amatory affairs, that even the interrogation mark at curtain-fall does not stir one's curiosity. It all goes to prove that Mr. Harwood is even more justified than he himself thought in trusting an ordinary after-dinner audience to take an interest in something else—something worth thinking over.

New Books.

GREEN APPLE HARVEST.*

"There was Cox of Haiselman's, and Pepper of Weights, and Bream of Little Moat, and Dunk of Shoyswell, and Willard of Boarnsey." This sentence, slightly varied, but always charged with a loam-like odour and a loam-like heaviness, recurs frequently in Miss Sheila Kaye-Smith's fine novel, "Green Apple Harvest." Her Sussex names are like a grand-bass whose rumour is always heard beneath the complexities and the discords of her ambitious but very beautiful composition. She has selected them with a talent almost as infallible in this respect as Balzac's, for she realises that a name helps not only to depict, but also to shape, character. An almost loving attention to detail may be observed on every page; so carefully and unobtrusively are the details accumulated, that the reader absorbs them unconsciously, but he has not read fifty pages before he is aware that the air he is breathing is the air peculiar to the Rother Valley, that the men and women have sprung from the Rother Valley soil, that the smells, the sounds, the dawns, the sunsets, even the moon herself, are native to that little corner of England, and to no other place. It is without effort, he feels, that she has seized on those characteristics differentiating the four square miles she has chosen from the rest of the world. In the whole of her book there is nothing alien to the place; not an observation of moment that is not plucked from the Rother Valley's heart; not a turn of speech that is not faithful to that land. But this unceasing patience is never laborious because, perhaps, it is not patience at all, but merely the result of the easy functioning of apprehensive and accurate sense perceptions. It is not only that Miss Kaye-Smith sees, hears, and even smells directly: she remembers faithfully, and records with sensitive accuracy. It is impossible to catch her out.

Observation may carry an artist far in depicting inanimate nature, but other qualities are needed for the creation of living people. Robert Fuller, drawn full-length, can scarcely have been studied direct from life. In youth he is headstrong, pagan, and even meanly selfish: a

*"Green Apple Harvest." By Sheila Kaye-Smith. 8s. 6d. (Cassell.)

frequenter of public-houses: a love-maker in the country lanes at night: a man who with easy sincerity will bawl a hymn-tune in chapel, and shirk his work next day. To him, after a series of amorous adventures, comes a devastating passion. Hannah Iden, the gipsy, in Robert's own words, "wurn't born to mäake men happy—she wur born to mäake them men." His brother, Clem, devoted and almost sister-like in his affection, is solicitous on Robert's account. "Is she sweet to love?" he asks. "Is she sweet!" retaliates Robert—and here comes to us the echo of George Borrow's voice—"Is the fire sweet? Is the winter sweet? Reckon you don't know näun of love. There's hard and soft love, säum as there's hard and soft kisses . . . there's a kind wot mäakes your heart lik a broäken stoan." When Hannah has had her fill of her Gentile lover she "marries romanly," and Robert's mind, disintegrated by passion, catches fire at the torch of a special kind of Calvinism. He becomes a wandering preacher, criticised harshly by the faithful, jeered at by the non-elect, but yet feeling that he "cud bust the pläace up wud love and joy." The months pass until at last his religious duties bring him into contact with Hannah once more. More than anything on earth he desires her soul for God. He is left alone with her, and is tempted by her broken, sordid beauty His poor, dizzied brain plays him false; a clasp and a kiss, a shriek of protest from Hannah, a murderous fight with her husband, and then six months in jail. . . . But that is not the end. His dark life staggers on to its meanly tragic close; he is ducked into a pond by his erstwhile companions, and dies ignobly, drugged by his doctor. "If Bob had only had sense," says Polly, Clem's wife, "he might have come to be a saint and martyr—who knows? He had the makings of one; but he had no sense—if he'd had sense he'd be alive now."

That indeed was Robert's prime defect. Whether driven by passion or haunted by religion, he never behaved as other men. This figure, impressive in spite of his futilities, unstable and over-sexed, is presented by Miss Kaye-Smith with a naturalistic art free from all sentimentality. She is sympathetic towards him only in the sense that she is sympathetic towards all humanity. He is a wonderful achievement, not only because he is alive and credible, but because his difficult psychology is made plain to any understanding reader. Clem is an equally convincing piece of work; a hundred subtle touches of characterisation build up a man who, though submissive and unenterprising, is nevertheless extraordinarily vivid. It is perhaps in the creation of character that Miss Kaye-Smith is strongest; her people react to circumstance truly, but often unexpectedly, and by the time we reach the end of the story, we discover that even the minor people have developed and grown by the stress of life. In no derogatory sense she may be said to be a disciple—no doubt unconscious—of Thomas Hardy. Her gift for swift landscape drawing is remarkable. Throughout her book she welds most intimately her characters into the Sussex country-side, until they and inanimate nature seem inseparable; the autumn mists are like their passionate slow aspirations, the earth is their flesh, and the wind their breath.

So fine and notable a talent has already won wide recognition, but one feels that when this writer places even more trust in her own powers, and is ready to allow her imagination to take a wider sweep, she will give us work that will stand among the highest of our time.

GERALD CUMBERLAND.

FROM THE PERSIAN.*

Among the poets who flourished during the period dealt with in the third instalment of Professor Browne's great work, Hafiz was the bright particular star. More than a century ago Sir William Jones was translating him into English, French and Latin; but a younger man of letters declared that, for his part, he would rather have written the worst page in the Odyssey than all the stuff Sir William made such a pother and palaver on. Professor Browne objects to Jones's translations as being much too free and scarcely poetical. His flowery version of what is perhaps the best-known ode by "the interpreter of mysteries," as Hafiz is called, would warrant the criticism. It is really an amplification of a couplet which, interpreted more literally, runs thus:

"If that unkindly Shiraz Turk would take my heart within her hand,
I'd give Bokhara for the mole upon her cheek, or Samarcand."

According to a Persian historian, Tamerlane, when he captured Shiraz, sent for the poet and rated him soundly—"miserable wretch that you are"—for this professed willingness to barter capital cities of a mighty empire for the mole on a wanton's face. "Sire," replied the poet, "it was through such prodigality that I have fallen on evil days," and his ready wit was rewarded with a handsome donation. The anecdote was most likely invented; but it is a fact that the same verses were happily quoted in the original by Sir Louis Dane when an ink-blot fell on the Anglo-Afghan Treaty he was deputed to sign in Kabul. Sir William Jones called Hafiz the Anacreon of Persia, which is far from a convincing appreciation. A truer and fuller notion of the poet's rank in literature may be gathered from Professor Browne's book. Hafiz, one of Sir John Malcolm's Persian friends remarked, has the singular good fortune of being praised alike by saints and sinners, and Professor Browne does not hesitate to pronounce him the most eminent and most famous of all the poets of Persia.

Shaikh Sa'di's couplet about ten dervishes sleeping on one carpet while a couple of kings could not rest in one kingdom was quoted by Goldsmith, as an Indian proverb, in "The Citizen of the World." Both Sa'di and Jalal-ed-Din Rumi, the mystic poet whose "Mesnavi" is read all over Islam, were living when the storm of Mongol invasion burst on Persia; but for them and their writings Professor Browne refers his readers to a previous volume. Of Jami, poet, scholar and mystic, a contemporary of Caxton and Sir Thomas Malory, and perhaps the most remarkable man of genius Persia has ever produced, we get a long and admirable account. FitzGerald's translation of his "Salaman and Absal," we are told, was rather free and somewhat abridged. A more popular work was Jami's romance of "Joseph and Zuleika" (Potifar's wife), of which there is a feeble translation by the late Alexander Rogers, and a far better one by Ralph Griffith, though this, oddly enough, Professor Browne has never seen. Among less known poets he mentions Kamal of Khujand, who had Miranshah, Tamerlane's son, as a patron; Humam-ed-Din of Tabriz, one of whose poems might be taken as an echo of the "*Te spectem suprema mihi cum venerit hora*" of Tibullus; Iraqi of Hamadan, a typical Kalandar; and Majid-ed-Din Hamgar, of whom this anecdote is related. He had gone to Isfahan, leaving an elderly wife behind in Yezd. One day his pupil burst upon him, saying: "Good news! your lady has alighted at this house," which only elicited the surly response: "Good news would rather be that the house had alighted on her."

But Persian poets and their poetry fill no more than a portion of the volume, and many notable prose writers figure in its pages. The most eminent among them was Rashid-ed-Din, physician, statesman and historian, whose history of the Mongols Sir Henry Howorth has used to such good purpose. Professor Browne is the fortunate possessor of a collection of his letters and dispatches, and is surely right in saying they ought to be published. The oft-quoted "Institutions" of Tamerlane, which Gibbon was content to praise as the specious idea of a perfect monarchy, must be set aside as apocryphal. Of the applauded work of Mirkhwand, to cite Gibbon again, the early portions have been translated into English by a Hungarian scholar and published under the auspices of the Royal Asiatic Society; but Rẹhtasek's version, "inaccurate and singularly uncouth," does little credit to

* "A History of Persian Literature under Tartar Dominion (A.D. 1265–1502)." By Edward G. Browne. 35s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

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that learned though sometimes ill-advised body. Gibbon, too, talked about the luscious sweets of Sharif-ed Din Yezdi, and Professor Browne is inclined to dismiss him as a fulsome eulogist. Abu Sulaiman, Banakati, who wrote history a century earlier, may also be noticed here. Professor Browne says he came from Banakat beyond the Oxus, and identifies the place with the modern Tashkend. Ney Elias, however, who was seldom, if ever, wrong about Central Asian geography, puts Banakat a good forty miles south of that town. However that may be, Banakati's "Garden of the Intelligent" was an extraordinary production in many ways, especially for its allusions to events outside the Moslem world. Professor Browne quotes his account of printing from wood blocks as practised in China, and he wrote about things that happened in countries as far remote as Poland, Portugal, France and the British Isles. Space is wanting, however, for more than a brief glance at the continuation of what promises to be an exhaustive history of Persian literature. One can only add that a right understanding of the spirit of the Middle East, such as Professor Browne's erudition should help to promote, was never more urgently needed for the settlement of problems in which this country is closely concerned.

STEPHEN WHEELER.

"LOVE'S LABOUR LOST"?*

It is not easy to see why this book was written. If it was to prove that Maupassant was the disciple of Flaubert and owes to that master's influence much that is best in his own work—everyone knew that before. Miss Riddell considers at great length and with an astonishing wealth of detail the nature and extent of the literary relationship between Flaubert and Maupassant, but all the time we are reading we keep on asking ourselves, "Was it worth it?"

Her method can best be gauged by one long quotation:

"There is some similarity between the plots of the two men. For instance, there are several stories of Maupassant's which recall 'Madame Bovary.' The first of these to be mentioned is 'Une Vie,' which is like Flaubert's novel in many particulars of plot. In both cases a large part of the story is concerned with marital treachery. In one case it is the wife, in the other the husband, who is the offender. The separate instances of unfaithfulness recorded are, in each book, two in number—Rodolphe and Emma in 'Madame Bovary,' Julien and Gilberte in 'Une Vie,' make riding a means of intercourse and seek their rendezvous in the woods and on the country-side. The 'cabane ambulante' of 'Une Vie' takes the place of the 'tonnelle' of 'Madame Bovary.' The two sinners, Emma and Julien, come to an unnatural end, a beggar being connected in each case with the catastrophe. An excursion by boat enters into the love-making of Léon and Emma, of Julien and Jeanne. In both stories the child of the heroine, a pet dog, revealing letters, play some part. There are frequent journeyings by stage-coach, by carriage, by train. In each case the heroine changes her place of abode during the progress of the plot. Money matters exert a considerable influence in the two, there being talk of debts, of mortgages, and of selling of possessions. Emma is ruined by her own extravagance, Jeanne by the 'bonté' of her parents and herself and by the prodigality of her son. Jeanne is made unhappy by Julien's stinginess in money matters no less than Charles by Emma's wastefulness. In 'Madame Bovary' we have Lheureux and his agents who conduct the money affairs; in 'Une Vie' the Jew and others who come to Jeanne regarding Paul's debts. In both books there is the description of a public ceremony; in one the 'Comices Agricoles,' in the other the christening of the 'Jeanne.' The account of either celebration follows the course of the lovers as they walk; Rodolphe and Emma pass from place to place, seeing the various sights of the day, and finally taking refuge in the 'salle des déliberations' while the speeches are being delivered and the prizes given; Julien and Jeanne descend from 'Les Peuples' to the beach, where the christening of the boat takes place. Rodolphe makes advances to Emma, Julien to Jeanne, during the progress of the ceremony. . . ."

Such a method of classifying resemblances borders on the ludicrous. On such lines as these it would be possible to trace a close affinity between Thomas Hardy and Ethel Dell, or between Sherlock Holmes and the Book of Job.

On the other hand, once grant that this sort of thing is worth doing at all, it must be conceded that Miss Riddell has done her work well, if thoroughness is a virtue.

In a chapter on her authors' theories about life she becomes interesting.

Both Flaubert and Maupassant were unhappy (there have been few great writers who were altogether happy). They lived lives of solitary laboriousness, their tastes were similar, in literature, in their passion for travel, in their liking for the grotesquely comic, and in the reciprocal attraction which they possessed towards men and women deprived of reason. To both of them reality was odious, the world an illusion, and everything subject to an inexorable fatality. Misery or degradation is the almost universal lot of their characters. If, by chance, they portray a good woman, she is almost certain to be commonplace or stupid.

With regard to their similarity in literary procedure, Miss Riddell touches lightly but surely on their "impersonality." "L'auteur dans son œuvre doit être comme Dieu dans l'univers, présent partout et visible nulle part," such was their aim, and Miss Riddell shows how far short they both fell from their ideal. At any rate they both fulfilled the great law of novel-writing—that it is the mission of the novelist to observe and describe human passions, good and bad, without moralising or instructing. They were faithful to the creed that success in writing attends upon those who work incessantly and hard.

Had Miss Riddell confined herself to these points and not frittered away valuable pages in noting their resemblances in the use of the *mot juste*, in realistic devices, sound, odour, colour, enumerations, time indications, symbolism, and other trifles, she would have convinced us more surely of the validity of her arguments.

As it is, we return to our first point. Seldom have we read a book which showed such a scrupulous pertinacity in tracking down references, but we feel that Miss Riddell has only narrowly escaped (if she has escaped) joining that crowd of book-makers who think it important that the world should know how many times and where in the Bible the word "lamb" occurs, and in what different senses Shakespeare uses the word "dog." The point is—Was it worth it?

S. P. B. MAIS.

* "Flaubert and Maupassant: A Literary Relationship." By Agnes Rutherford Riddell. $1.00 net. (The University of Chicago Press.)

YORKSHIRE AND LANCASHIRE IN RECENT FICTION.*

Mr. Riley's new Yorkshire sketches are pleasantly humorous and pleasantly sentimental; but they lack conviction—call it bite, burr, pungency, what you will—

M. E. Francis
(Mrs. Francis Blundell).

and to the present reviewer, who has passed twenty years of his life in Yorkshire, they seem notably to miss atmosphere and local colour. "A Yorkshire Suburb," indeed,

* "A Yorkshire Suburb." By W. Riley. With Colour Plates by C. Morse. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"Beck of Beckford." By M. E. Francis. 7s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

seen and described by Mr. Riley, is very much what "The Five Towns" would look like surveyed from the angle of vision, say, of Mrs. Florence Barclay. Mr. Riley writes agreeably enough in the method of the kail-yard; but this very method compels him to handle life and character with kid gloves, and Yorkshire men and Yorkshire women —of all people—are the least responsive to that kind of treatment. Those who want to know something about the county of the broad acres will learn nothing from the latest Yorkshire novelist; they must needs turn for this purpose to the books of J. S. Fletcher and of Oliver Onions, authors who, whatever their defects may be, would never dream of translating Yorkshiremen into denizens of "Cranford." It is a relief to turn from Mr. Riley's dainty, Hugh Thomson-like prettiness, to the virile and graphic art of M. E. Francis, who has never written a Lancashire story truer to the soil than "Beck of Beckford." Mrs. Blundell's new work of fiction, well-constructed as it is, is in plot simplicity itself, being concerned essentially with the struggle of two wealthy girls, a vulgar American "Dollar Princess" and a charming Lancashire lass, for the love of a young farmer baronet who cleaves, like his forefathers, to the old religion. What, however, is remarkable in "Beck of Beckford," apart from its singularly penetrating study of the survival of Catholicism in Lancashire, is the firm grasp of character which the author reveals, and her equally sure mastery of local traits and customs. Sir Roger Beck, the young Catholic baronet who takes his meals in the kitchen, talks to his labourers in the vernacular, and goes a-courting a pretty girl and spending a term or two at Oxford in the intervals of ploughing, sowing and reaping his own land, is surely one of the most consistent and original characters that have appeared in recent fiction.

W. A. L. B.

ANNIVERSARIES AND OTHER POEMS.*

When one remembers Mr. Leonard Huxley's parentage and thinks of his inheritance of science from his father and of poetry from his mother, one reads his poems prepared to apply to him the lines he has written to his own baby:

> "... how strange to see
> Other faces blent in thine,
> Other greatness touching thee.
> * * * * *
> Something of a curve or line
> Here revives thine ancestry.
> Each on thee has laid its sign."

Yet, "Anniversaries and Other Poems" can hardly be said to revive his ancestry; for they are not of the same school as the tender love-poems of his mother, nor are they such Lucretian utterances as his father might have thundered forth had he been a poet instead of a scientist. Essentially the work of a cultured man, Mr. Leonard Huxley's verses, with their fine phrases and gracious harmonies, will give pleasure to the cultured; but they lack lyric rapture; they lack abandon; they lack creative imagination; and though they are true poetry and worthy of a Huxley, they are hardly Huxleian.

The chief themes are Nature (in the statical sense) and music. One of the most charming of the poems is about a rock-garden, and the following verses from it may be quoted as a good sample of Mr. Huxley's art:

> "This tiny cliff of quarried stone
> Shall bear your thoughts to craggier heights,
> And these same crannied flowers revive
> Visions of clearer Alpine lights.
>
> "With purple throat and lips of gold
> We saw this creeping toadflax trail
> Grey stems upon the cold grey slopes
> Of bare moraine or crumbling shale.
>
> "In clefts below the gaunt ice-foot
> This close-pressed saxifrage I found,
> And where we rested in our climb
> That starry cluster gemmed the ground."

RONALD CAMPBELL MACFIE.

* "Anniversaries and Other Poems." By Leonard Huxley. (John Murray.)

THROUGH MAGIC SPECTACLES.*

In the year of grace nineteen hundred and twenty a young man with eyes that could see (very wonderful, kind eyes) made a little book full of quaint fancies, wholesome thoughts and tender imaginings. And a marvel happened, for he took it to a publisher, who said: "Here is a beautiful book; it is clean and sane, and comforts my soul; in it there are no sexualities, no blasphemies, no profanities; *so I will publish it!*"

The name of the book is "The Street of Faces"; the name of the young man is Charles Vince; and the name of the publisher is Philip Allan.

The publisher sought out a man cunning with his pencil, and desired him to make drawings worthy of such a book. This he did, and behold! a volume that is a joy to handle. (Now, the name of the artist is Harvey.)

In all that Charles Vince writes there is a balance, a sanity that is very comfortable in an age of neurosis. "The Street of Faces" illustrates the old truth that London holds for him who can see pictures as wonderful as those of Ancient Rome or Modern Cairo. But it is not given to us all to see—so that we must thank Mr. Vince for letting us peep through his spectacles.

I would like to select one of his pictures for criticism, but I cannot. Each in its own way is a cameo. Yet there are phrases here and there. . . . For instance, in "On Lead Soldiers":

> "I look at a lead soldier as one would look at a little piece of statuary. . . . He is the one work of art of which it can be said that ten copies of him are exactly ten times better than the original. That is the advantage of being a soldier."

Subtle, that!

Again, "Suburban Names":

> "A mere wealthy commoner is content to be known as residing at 127a, in some street in the West End of London. But Lord Lansdowne and Mr. John Smith, of Bermondsey, both live in Lansdowne House; and it would probably surprise the King to know how many of his poorer subjects reside in a villa, a terrace, a cottage, or merely a 'view' called Balmoral."

Then there is the "Mystery of the Smallest House in the World," which is going to set people talking and disputing.

But perhaps what pleased me most was the picture of "Grandmother," with her silver curls. It makes one smell lavender and think of all manner of delicate things . . . old china and lace. . . . I found it well to wipe my glasses; they grow clouded, sometimes. . . .

Why "The Street of Faces"? Ah, that you shall find out for yourself. And you shall find out many other things, too; that there is a beauty in the plain, an interest in the commonplace, a pathos in the grotesque.

Charles Vince has set down many odd fancies, but there lies behind his whimsicalities a discernment that makes his book worthy to be called literature. One is tempted to say that the book is reminiscent of "The Uncommercial Traveller," but that would be untrue and unkind, for assuredly there is nothing of the copyist to be seen. Vince has a style of his own, a grace of expression that is exactly adequate.

FRANCIS D. GRIERSON.

CHRISTIAN HUMANISM.†

There is much in this little volume that will appeal to the more thoughtful reader. It is dedicated to the author's pupil, "V—— D——, and to any other mortals of inquiring mind who, having scanned the first few pages, will be so courteous as to read on to the end, ere forming an opinion about the open religion here advocated." Its object is that of helping the unorthodox and the faith-weary. And the fact that it is inspired throughout by the intensest spirit of sincerity should do much to secure for it an extensive public.

* "The Street of Faces." 15s. net. (Philip Allan.)

† "The Limits of Unbelief, or Faith Without Miracles." By Eric S. Robertson, M.A. 4s. 6d. net. (Nisbet.)

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The case of the author may be regarded as typical of that of innumerable persons to-day, and his heart-to-heart talk with the reader should do much to enlist the confidence and sympathy of many who are realising the need of feeling their way towards a new interpretation of religion. Mr. Robertson confesses that he has "done with every religious 'system,' done with every scheme of salvation." But he is no "negativist"; and if his positivism is not precisely that of Comte, it is nevertheless in his fine conception of the human soul and its infinite possibilities for growth and development that his faith primarily centres. He does not, it is true, disavow theism; but whatever theological trend his thought may reveal, his speculations invariably result in a practical conclusion.

Some idea of the contents of the volume and the varied character of the problems with which it deals, may be gathered from the chapter headings. Of these some of the more arresting deal with "Our Need of Religion," "What Few Can Help Believing," "Man's Relation to the Universe" and "The Margin of Mysticism." But while in each case his remarks will prove suggestive and stimulating, he prefers to confine himself to what he has personally proved rather than take refuge in the policy of the phrasemongers. Though theism is implicit in his faith, he makes no attempt to solve many of the questions that have vexed the minds of some thinkers; nor, it is clear, does he believe that it is possible merely by thinking to solve the contradictions of life:

"Let any who find themselves impelled to do so, attempt to discover the origin of evil; we make no such attempt. Who does not admit the awful anarchy of evil? Yet I am wholly unable to conceive of any manly kind of earthly or heavenly life that has not choice, and does not involve overcoming of obstacles. . . . Our God remains; one distinctly felt as moving on what we must term ethical and orderly lines; calling us to high endeavour in His companionship and service; yet claiming from us moderns that His silences shall be respected, and that we are to work out the salvation of our race with much greater self-reliance than theories of supernatural atonement have encouraged."

Whatever objection the theologian may raise to such a statement, the drift of the writer's remarks is at any rate intelligible, optimistic and lifeward. The race, he is convinced, inherits a blessing which is pronounced upon all who will strive to ennoble human existence:

"Let us be content to feel the Power for Good at the back of all religions—a vital force that woos, justifies and satisfies what is best in us."

To the mere intellectualist the author's ideas may appear vague, and those who may be seeking substitutes for the creeds that they have discarded are unlikely to find this book especially satisfying. But Mr. Robertson, if he has no dogma to offer, still has the substance of religion to share. And he demonstrates that though a man may be creedless he may still have the faith that will enable him not only to live, but to rejoice in the living. Mr. Robertson is a mystic. The Cosmos, to him, is a unity. It is from ourselves, however, that all that makes life worth while—Love, Joy, Truth, Admiration and Beauty—ultimately proceed. Yet it is to correct the fallacious assumption that each man can be sufficient of himself that he writes. In community of experience and aim alone the solution of life is to be found. There are passages in the book which reveal the fact that the writer himself has had experience of the mystical consciousness. Thus, on one occasion on the "day of his release," when he was walking over an empty race-course, the conviction came to him that he was already partaking in an Eternal Life:

"*Now* is eternity. . . . You are not to be 'launched' into Eternity when you die. . . . This is God working. . . . This is the meaning of Earth and Life."

Those who are familiar with the writings of Professor James, and who have explored the psychological aspect of religious inquiry, will be in a position to appreciate the nature and quality of such individual experiences. We cannot indeed from the perusal of this book acquire the sort of faith that Mr. Robertson has achieved; but it may be that, in reading of the writer's experience many will be stimulated to explore their own souls and derive a better understanding of the essence of real religion.

R. Dimsdale Stocker.

Robert Louis Stevenson.
From "Robert Louis Stevenson," by Lord Guthrie (W. Green & Son, Edinburgh).

TWO BOOKS ABOUT STEVENSON.*

Any man who becomes famous has had numerous friends and acquaintances, but it is curious how few in after years are able to tell us much about him. Certain incidents they remember, certain facts about the man, how he looked and his manner of saying things, but they can rarely repeat anything much of what he said. The late Lord Guthrie knew Stevenson well in his youthful days and renewed friendship with him in later life, and in his posthumous "Robert Louis Stevenson: Some Personal Recollections" he records much that is interesting and does add a little to what we know of R. L. S. But though he tells us that he was a mixture of Bohemian and Puritan, Scotsman and Frenchman, speaks of his "jaunty style of utterance," his "kindly mockery and picturesque gesture," he confesses that "of the many score of speeches, smart rather than serious, I heard him make, I do not remember a word." Nevertheless, Lord Guthrie's reminiscences of his own and of Stevenson's association with the Edinburgh Speculative Society are a real contribution to Stevensoniana, and the fact that he could not furnish Boswellian detail is accounted for by his frank admission

* "Robert Louis Stevenson: Some Personal Recollections." By the late Lord Guthrie. Illustrated. 21s. net. (Edinburgh: W. Green.)—"Echoes of Robert Louis Stevenson." By J. Christian Bay. With title page and vignettes by Axel T. Bay. (Chicago: Walter M. Hill.)

that "I had not the vision, in college days, to foresee his future fame"; and by the statement that of all his contemporaries in the Speculative Society:

"Only two have attained the highest eminence, Robert Louis Stevenson in literature, and Andrew Graham Murray (Lord Dunedin) in law. Yet I am afraid our prophecy would have been the short-sighted one: 'Graham Murray and Louis Stevenson are the cleverest men among us; brilliant fellows, both of them. But then each is the only child of well-off parents; they are far too well provided for. Besides, neither of them has the iron physique necessary for distinction at the Bar. Anyhow, they are altogether too casual to subject themselves voluntarily to the slavery which eminence demands.'"

This uncompromising candour explains at once why so much was forgotten, and increases the value of the little sheaf of memories that the book enshrines. It is well illustrated and includes some early portraits of Stevenson that have not before been published.

Mr. Christian Bay's "Echoes of Robert Louis Stevenson" offers no personal remembrances, but is an admirably sympathetic study of the man and certain aspects of his life, enriched with a good many extracts from unpublished letters. Only once do we find ourselves disagreeing with Mr. Bay, and that is when he asserts that Mr. Young E. Allison "deserves high praise for pointing out that Stevenson is wholly innocent of style." Surely Stevenson did not "play the sedulous ape" in vain, and to most of us the distinctive style that became second nature to him, however he got it, is part of the secret of his charm. There is much of thoughtful criticism and interesting narrative in these pages, and in the appendices a facsimile letter of Stevenson's and a translation of the poignant appeal to the three Great Powers of Mataafa, the King of Samoa, whose cause Stevenson championed in his "Foot-note to History." A discursive, unpretentious little book, and one that Stevenson-lovers will be glad to possess.

A TRIO OF PLAY-BOOKS.*

Of the younger Abbey Theatre dramatists, Mr. Lennox Robinson shows greatest faculty and versatility. "The Lost Leader" is a tragedy that will never be forgotten by those who were lucky enough to see it at the Court Theatre under Mr. J. B. Fagan. Lennox Robinson's "White-Headed Boy," which has been very successful in Dublin, has just been produced in London at the Ambassador's Theatre; and for its performance Mr. Fagan has enlisted Sarah Allgood, Arthur Sinclair, J. M. Kerrigan and Maire O'Neill, those brilliant stars of the famous theatre in Dublin.

Mr. Robinson's comedy is not as holding in its quality as "The Lost Leader." Its plot is of the slightest. In Ireland, when the phrase "white-headed boy," or, more commonly, "white-haired boy," is used, the never-failing meaning is that of a youth hopelessly spoiled by his parents and his relations.

Such a one is Denis Geoghegan, youngest of the six children of the widow Geoghegan. In order that he might be sent to Trinity to study for medicine, all the rest of the family have been sacrificed.

Denis returns home, having failed in his examination for the third time, and although his mother croons over and coddles him, the rest of the family, especially his eldest brother George, assert themselves. The decision arrived at is that Denis should be sent to Canada to work out his own salvation, and leave his fiancée, Delia Duffy, behind him. Delia, a girl who knows a thing or two, marries Denis by stealth, and persuades him, as a stroke of rural diplomacy, to volunteer to drive a steam-roller. At this all the family pride is up in arms, and sacrifices are renewed again, Denis and Delia winning through with a handsome dowry.

Most of the humour of the play is supplied by an eccentric old lady called Aunt Ellen, and by John Duffy, Delia's father. The best of the fun, however, lies in Mr. Lennox Robinson's racy stage directions.

Take the author's description of the furniture at the Geoghegan's:

"'Twas got five years ago at the Major's auction. A big price they had to pay for it too. GEORGE didn't want to buy it, but the mother's heart was set on it. They got new horse-hair put in the arm-chair, the Major had it wore to the wood sitting all day over the fire, cursing the Government and drinking whisky; the six plain chairs are as good as new."

Mr. George Bernard Shaw has a style of dramatic satire all his own. It is so much his own that imitators fail disastrously in endeavouring to put it to their own purposes.

Mr. Bryan Cooper is an able writer and a fine man of affairs. While he was head of the Press Censorship in Ireland, he somehow succeeded in moderately satisfying all sections of the Irish Press—and that is high praise indeed. One regrets to have to say that his book of plays, "The Collar of Gold, and Other Phantasies," is a sore disappointment. Only in the name play, which deals with the conflict of Brian of the Tributes and Malachi, King of Meath, afterwards High King of Ireland, is there the stuff of real drama with gleams of poetry in it.

The other satiric playlets, "A War-Office Jacket: An Anachronism," "The First Reading," "The Chief Secretary," "On the Struma Front," "Comrade Thompson" and "The Assize of Honour," are Shavian without being Shaw. The method employed is the humour of anachronism, but it is too propagandist to arouse amusement. The idea of Shakespeare reading one of his plays to an unappreciative audience has already been done to perfection by Mr. Maurice Baring.

That the tragic-comedy of Dublin Castle was much the same during Viscount Arthur Wellesley's brief period as Chief Secretary, as during that, say, of Mr. Augustine Birrell, is too self-evident to give Mr. Cooper's "The Chief Secretary" any aspect of novelty. The other plays are even less convincing as subjects of cynical mirth and sadness.

"Five Plays," by Mr. T. B. Rogers, is a patient effort at making bricks without straw—that is, drama without construction. "The Forfeit," though it has been suggested by that noble model, "The Silver Box," by John Galsworthy, is a weak thing, entirely deficient also in the gift of characterisation. "The Hall of Laughter" is an incoherent mixture of Morality, Allegory and Problem Play. Bad as the characterisation is in "The Forfeit," it is here utterly wanting. Mr. Limpany, the showman, and his wife are marionettes of wood and paint. The other characters are not even coloured. "Eyes to the Blind" shows a slight improvement. There is a touch of humanity in the mother who values the heedless boy at the war above the grown-up son who remains behind and keeps a roof over her head. Emily, who loves the despised elder son, has also got the stuff of life.

Mr. Rogers's pseudo-historical drama, "The Saint King," might provide material for an evangelical amateur theatrical society. The last playlet, "The Heirloom," which deals with more fashionable folk, is amateurish, and contains a silly anti-climax.

LOUIS J. MCQUILLAND.

* "The White-Headed Boy: A Comedy in Three Acts.' By Lennox Robinson. 3s. 6d. net. (The Talbot Press.)—"The Collar of Gold, and Other Phantasies." By Bryan Cooper. 5s. net. (Philip Allan.)—"Five One-Act Plays." By T. B. Rogers. 5s. net. (Philip Allan.)

BRITISH PROPAGANDA DURING THE WAR.*

Propaganda is something rather new in the scheme of British enterprise; but the Briton, though unaccustomed to it, took to it with the same thoroughness that he applied to other things in war-time. He did not like it: it was foreign to his nature to explain himself, to state that he was doing his duty as he saw it, and so on. Therefore

* "Secrets of Crewe House: The Story of a Famous Campaign." By Sir Campbell Stuart, K.B.E. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

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XUM

this new weapon was at first handled rather gingerly, with the result that the full use to which it could be put was not discovered for some time. When it had been thoroughly tested, it was found to be a very valuable adjunct to the fighting arms. It may certainly be claimed that it accelerated the German downfall.

The history and development of the British propaganda as a whole during the war may some day be written, and a very interesting work it will be; but it is impossible here to say more than that it was in the beginning conducted by the Foreign Office, the Admiralty and the War Office, working independently, it is true, but in general harmony—whereas in Germany the propaganda issued by the departments always had different objects and was usually at variance. In this country, in 1918, the Ministry of Information was created, with Lord Beaverbrook in charge, with the object to co-ordinate the British propaganda in foreign countries; and at the same time Lord Northcliffe was invited to take up the Office of Director of Propaganda in Enemy Countries, with headquarters at Crewe House. Sir Campbell Stuart, who acted as Deputy-Director of the latter organisation, has written an account of the activities of this department, which started in February, 1918, and were, of course, brought to a close by the Armistice.

Lord Northcliffe's campaign was splendidly successful, as, curiously enough, the German military leaders, Hindenburg, Ludendorff and the rest were always at pains to point out. Thus, General von Hutier of the Sixth German Army stated:

"The enemy begins to realise that we cannot be crushed by blockade, superiority of numbers, or force of arms. He is, therefore, trying a last resource. While engaging to the utmost of his military force he is racking his imagination for ruses, trickery, and other underhand methods of which he is a past master, to induce in the minds of the German people a doubt of their invincibility. He has founded for this purpose a special Ministry ('The Ministry for the Destruction of German Confidence'), at the head of which he has put the most thoroughgoing rascal of all the Entente—Lord Northcliffe—who has been given billions for use in influencing opinion in the interior of the country and at the Front by means of paid agents, the assassination of ambassadors, and all the other ways in favour with the Entente."

As a matter of fact, the cost was infinitesimal—the total cost of the operations conducted by Lord Northcliffe during his tenure of office was considerably less than one-hundredth part of Great Britain's war bill.

The principle underlying all the British propaganda was truth, which was all the easier because the Allies were perfectly convinced that they were right. All statements before they were sent out were rigorously examined to see that there were no exaggerations of importance nor any false statements. The object of the propaganda sent from Crewe House was to enlighten the enemy as to the origins of the war, and to make known to the enemy, soldiers and civilians alike, the real state of affairs. The German Government might tell its people proudly that it was a nation in arms fighting against the whole world: the British propaganda pointed out the inevitable result of one nation fighting a war of aggression against the whole world; stated baldly the immensity of the British effort, and, later, the tremendous number of men and the inexhaustible supplies that had come, and were coming, from the United States. While the German Admiralty was telling of the successes of the U-boat campaign, Crewe House circulated a leaflet giving categorically information concerning the loss of one hundred and fifty U-boats. When capital was made out of the German air-raids, Crewe House issued a map showing year by year the increase of the British air forces, and the wider radius over which they could operate. The defection from the German cause first of one ally and then of another was at once made known; the breakdown of the Mittel-Europa scheme was duly chronicled, and the failure of the Berlin to Bagdad scheme; and so on.

Even while the German military forces were victorious, this propaganda had some result; when the German forces began to retire, the effect on the German *moral* was tremendous. This Ludendorff realised very clearly, and he wrote bitterly:

"The importance of numbers in the war is incontestable. Without soldiers there can be no war. But numbers count only according to the spirit which animates them. As it is in the life of peoples, so it is also on the battle-field. We had fought against the world, and could continue to do so with good conscience so long as we were spiritually ready to endure the burden of war. So long as we were this, we had hope of victory and refused to bow to the enemy's determination to annihilate us. But with the disappearance of our *moral* readiness to fight everything changed completely. We no longer battled to the last drop of our blood. Many Germans were no longer willing to die for their country."

Ludendorff and others attacked the German propaganda for its ineffectiveness; but the true cause of its ineffectiveness was the excellent *moral* of Britain which was not susceptible to the threats or blandishments of an enemy whose morality it despised and whose mendacity had been exposed.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

VICTORIAN WORTHIES.*

The Victorian age and its giants have been receiving such severe treatment from the critics of late that it was time some one came to the rescue to prevent a new generation from growing up in the belief that there was something quaint and slightly ridiculous about the era of our grandfathers, and that the gods of their idolatry were magnified altogether in excess of their merits. The dethroning of one century's idols by the next will always be a favourite pastime of youth, and is perhaps a necessary preliminary to viewing the past in proper perspective; but the game can be overdone as our nineteenth century forbears proved when they sniffed at the poetry of Pope or the alleged heartlessness of a Horace Walpole and belaboured the period alternately for artificiality and materialism. We have changed all that during the last fifty years and in due season, as those of us who grew up in the shade cast by the imposing figures of the Darwins and Huxleys, the Newmans and Ruskins, the Tennysons and Dickenses, the Gladstones and Shaftesburys cannot but believe, we may count on justice being finally done even to the humanitarianism, the earnestness, the self-reliance of the Victorians. Meantime the sixteen modest biographies which Mr. G. H. Blore has devoted to "Victorian Worthies" are something to go on with, and are delivered to the right address. Written for boys at school, who have not at their fingers' ends knowledge which many modern iconoclasts take for granted, his sketches make no pretence at the transvaluation of Victorian values, but accept those verdicts passed by their contemporaries on the worthies selected that seem likely to stand the test of time and summarise the data without which students, whether youthful or old, can neither endorse nor reject intelligently any revision of the traditional judgments. But what are meant for schoolboys should not be without their uses to children of larger growth, if only by way of refreshing their memories; especially may these miniature biographies be recommended to such folk—not few among us—who in cheerful forgetfulness of the facts welcome opinions which pull down from their pedestals the heroes of another age just because they are new and startling and irreverent and when forced on the defensive have not the arguments to justify their preference for heterodoxy.

Mr. Blore, who by the way is an assistant master at Winchester, is rather better than his word, or else has a high opinion of fifth form brains. These are really finished essays of his and no mere pieces of book-making. Nor does he paint out the warts of his characters in his portraits or fail to convey the idea that history's decisions are

* "Victorian Worthies: Sixteen Biographies." By G. H. Blore. 7s. 6d. net. (Humphrey Milford: Oxford University Press.)

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always in process of readjustment. His sketch of Carlyle, for instance—and Carlyle might well be taken as a fair test of any biographer's impartiality and imagination—is a thoroughly well-balanced study in which full account, though not too much, is taken of the change of attitude the modern world has adopted towards Germany and Frederick "the Great." The essayist's range is wide, covering politicians such as Peel and Bright, men of letters such as Dickens, Tennyson, Morris and Kingsley, though Morris is labelled "craftsman" and Kingsley "parish priest," men of affairs such as Napier, Lawrence, Rhodes and Morier, a scientist, Lister, a philanthropist, Shaftesbury, an artist, Watts, and a missionary, Patteson (no women you will note), and it is purposely made wide to give an impression of the rich variety of Victorian character. In his preface he makes an eloquent answer to the detractors of the era he has passed under review. Says he of the "true Victorians":

"They were more evidently in earnest (than their successors), less conscious of themselves, more indifferent to ridicule, more absorbed in their work. Idleness and insouciance had few temptations for them, cynicism was abhorrent to them. Large-hearted and generous to one another, they were ready to face adventure, eager to fight for an ideal, however impracticable it seemed. This was as true of Tennyson, Browning, Matthew Arnold and all the *genus irritabile vatum* as of the politicians and the men of action. They made many mistakes; they were combative, often difficult to deal with. Some of them were deficient in judgment, others in the saving gift of humour; but they were rarely petty or ungenerous, or failed from faint-heartedness or indecision. Vehemence and impatience can do harm to the best causes, and the lives of men like the Napiers and the Lawrences, like Thomas Arnold and Charles Kingsley, like John Bright and Robert Lowe, are marred by conflicts which might have been avoided by more studied gentleness or more philosophic calm. But the time seemed short in which they could redress the evils which offended them. It would be a mistake to infer from such clamour that the Victorians did not enjoy their fair share of happiness in the world. The opposite would be nearer the truth; happiness was given them in good, even overflowing measure. A good conscience, a good temper, a good digestion are all factors of importance. But perhaps the best insurance against moodiness and melancholy was that strenuous activity which made them forget themselves, that energetic will-power which was the driving force in so many movements of the day."

Much of this has been said before, but it was worth saying again—so well.

F. G. BETTANY.

CURATE'S EGG NOVELS.*

"The Ramshackle Adventure" is an unpretentious book which does not so much tell a story as chronicle the rather fascinating ways of George, the curate with a derelict two-seater. It is humorous and sentimental, the sort of book to read on a hot afternoon of the summer we have not had; and we are glad at the end to think of George in the living given him by the bishop, the living which would enable him to get another and a better car.

"The Ivory Fan," which is a first novel, is more interesting than "The Ramshackle Adventure." The writer has a delightful sense of colour, and the scenes on the Riviera are good. But it opens poorly, so poorly indeed, that if it had not been for the second half, the book would hardly have found a publisher. The people are dull, the conversations unreal. An ordinary middle-class hostess such as is here depicted does not, when giving a friend tea, "snort" (p. 67) at her guest's remarks, nor tell her her son is impudent and a fortune-hunter. The result of this strange behaviour is, however, equally amazing, for we are told that "Mrs. Conway pricked her ears."

So much better is the second part of this book, however, that it might have been by another writer. Catherine Arlsea, though she continues to act in an inexplicable manner, is a flesh and blood young woman, and Norman Swaine a real and attractive man. It is unfortunate that the *dénouement* should from the beginning be an open secret, and that the reason given for Catherine's adventure should be unconvincing. A passionate, sometimes mistaken Catherine, would have been more credible. But that this handsome young playwright should at the emotional age of eighteen be able to elope with so charming a man as Swaine, live with him for several months, yet never feel for him more than friendship and gratitude, does not seem possible; nor if it happened, would it leave us with any liking for this chilly Catherine. One cannot help thinking that in real life the story would have had a different ending, and that though Swaine had faults, Catherine would have preferred him, faults and all, to the sentimental Jim or bloodless Martin.

Photo by Frith, Derby. **Miss Jessie Champion,**
author of "The Ramshackle Adventure" (Hodder & Stoughton).

Little did I think in the days when I surreptitiously read, and was uncritically thrilled by every novel on which I could lay my hands, that it would ever fall to me to review one of Mrs. Croker's books! To begin with, I must thank her for happy hours gone by, and also for the pleasure given by a sound, well-written, well-constructed story. Here is the brisk tale of a lady who, as the old rhyme hath it:

"Tired of playing chaperon
Went and made a chap her own"—

only in this case the "chap" was her own husband. Jealous and neglectful, he had been enabled by a carefully arranged series of coincidences to divorce her some eleven years before the story opens, but as she was, of course, innocent of the charges preferred against her, the story ends with a reconciliation. Mrs. Croker's attitude towards life is Victorian. No doubt there are still people—our aunts and godmothers—who think as do the people in this book, and it is these people who will welcome this new version of the patient Grizel.

But if it seems fitting for a Victorian novelist to continue to give us competent novels from a Victorian point of view, the same cannot be said for a comparative new-comer such as the author of "The Sunset Gun." C. R. Milton writes well, but she does not yet know wherein lies her strength, and she has accepted her standards without thinking about them. The result is a modern book written from an old-fashioned standpoint—new wine in old leathern bottles. I think that on the whole this book can hardly have given its writer much satisfaction. She probably realises how good, how really excellent are the chapters on the Dutch

*"The Ramshackle Adventure." By J. Champion. 7s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)—"The Ivory Fan." By A. Heard. 7s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)—"The Chaperon." By B. M. Croker. 8s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)—"The Sunset Gun." By C. R. Milton. 7s. net. (Melrose.)—"The House by the River." By A. P. Herbert. 8s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

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convent, and how inferior to them is the rest of the novel.

Janey, the heroine, is hustled by her grandmother into marriage with a young officer, who soon afterwards has a stroke of paralysis. Paralytics do not recover, neither do they often live more than a year or two, so when Janey fell in love with Carruthers she had only to do her duty for a space, and the reward was sure. That however would have meant no story, and consequently no book, so Janey rushes off to Europe after her lover, gets caught in the war, tries to become a nun, and the error of her ways having been pointed out to her, returns to her invalid.

Some of the Indian scenes might have been omitted; for instance that in which Janey is mistaken for a hospital nurse, and given, much against her will, the charge of a sick girl of fourteen. Because the unfortunate child has a fit, and the light goes out, Janey's nerve gives way, "whimpering with terror" . . . "after a while, agony and exhaustion brought their own relief . . . she fell fainting to the floor." Janey that is, not the Indian girl who, the author says, was enduring "violent, inarticulate pain." One hopes the little hysterical goose banged her head hard on that floor.

But C. R. Milton can do better than this. She has shown that she can. The convent scenes are most happily conceived, they have atmosphere and reality. The nuns live as do none of the other characters of this unequal but promising book.

Most people would back a healthy housemaid to get the better of it in a life and death tussle with a poet, and Emily Gaunt in "The House on the River" would probably have tripped up Stephen Byrne, and left him on the stone flags of his hall, to grow properly sober and repentant. In beginning his book with this absurdly improbable murder, A. P. Herbert has gone far towards spoiling a really beautiful thing. In all probability he did it in order to make the book sell. The public does not encourage fine work such as his, and the word publisher is not synonymous with philanthropist; but the curse of the artist is on him in that he cannot do invented second-rate incident convincingly. He is an artist or nothing, and the interest of the book does not begin until the unlikely incidents of Emily's murder are shelved by the puzzled reader, and he is free to give his attention to the finely drawn characters of Stephen, John and Muriel. Of these, Stephen stands out as a fine creation. Coward, polygamist and murderer, he yet arouses and retains our sympathy. His death is excellently done, and the song of the river is in our ears as we read, and remains with us after the book is closed. Of these five curate's egg books, though C. R. Milton's convent scenes are good, "The House on the River," so unsatisfactory at the beginning, so fascinating after, must be given first place.

C. A. DAWSON SCOTT.

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Mr. Senior is an enthusiastic angler whose first volume of sketches was published five and forty years ago, and his enthusiasm for his sport, his appreciation of the scenes amid which that sport is carried on, have not abated a whit with the passing of the years; indeed, there is a hearty freshness, a personal charm about the twenty chapters that make up his new volume which might belong to the work of a gifted writer but recently converted to the joys of the gentle craft. To begin with, he discusses "angling as a real field sport," and has a dig at those folks who will not learn the difference between fly fishing for trout or salmon, and float fishing for any nibbling thing that may happen along. Yet, as he concludes:

> "If sitting on a box or basket, or in the windsor chair of a punt on Thames or Lea does not involve physical exertion of a positive kind, it means fresh air, rural sights and sounds, and the tranquil rest which after all is the best holiday for the day-by-day toiler."

And moreover, as he says in one of those allusive sentences which give an additional charm to all that he writes, "there is a rapture in the stream as in the pathless woods." Reminiscences of salmon fishing on the Tweed and of bottom fishing in waters within easy reach of London, talk of fishing in America and Canada, various musings over angling exploits at home during a ride through the Australian bush, memories of sea-trouting in Norway, and of trouting in Belgium—such are some of the matters which Mr. Senior presents in his cheerful and cheering talks on paper. He has given us a fresh addition to that shelf of book-friends to which we can turn at any time for the best of companionship.

WALTER JERROLD.

* "Lines in Pleasant Places: Being the Aftermath of an Old Angler." By William Senior. 10s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

A RUSTIC MUSE.*

This tastefully-bound volume holds over three hundred closely-printed pages of verse. Into a far less compass what is essential of the work of almost any of the greatest poets could be compressed. And the present book does not even represent Mr. Hosken's collected poems; he has at least five other volumes to his credit. We admire his industry; but so industrious a poet must not complain if, faced with so great an output, we approach his work with some misgiving. For true inspiration is a shy and fitful visitant and does not commonly scatter her gifts broadcast over vast areas of paper. Of true poetical inspiration, we are not surprised to find, there is little trace in Mr. Hosken's pages. Indeed, he himself, with complete frankness, disclaims any pretence to it and describes his own work; in Spencer's words, as

> "Rude rymes, the which a rustic muse did weave,
> In savadge soil, far from Parnasso Mount,
> And roughly wrought in an unlearned loom."

But, though they lack the divine spark, there can be no doubt that these poems have sprung from a genuine desire, a genuine need, for self-expression. There is nothing forced or affected about them, and, while they are written around traditional themes and in traditional metres and are clearly derivative, there is no slavish imitation and no smell of the midnight oil. Mr. Hosken has a natural and fluent gift of verse, and he is very sensitive to beauty and to human tears and laughter. And yet: and yet: his work points all too clearly to the gulf that separates real inspiration from a merely genuine impulse for self-expression. Real inspiration is, of course, only present when there is some one thing above all others that, at the particular moment, the poet simply must express, or die in the attempt. It may be a scene, an emotion, or an idea that has him in its grip; but, for the time being, that scene, emotion or idea is the only thing in the Universe that matters. Mr. Hosken loves and describes many different scenes; he has abundant emotion, and is not lacking in thought. But never do these things do other than vaguely

* "The Betrothal of Venus, and Other Poems." By James Dryden Hosken. 8s. 6d. net. (Methuen).

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jostle one another in his mind. They disturb him, pleasantly and unpleasantly by turns, but they never fuse for one moment into a single glowing passion or idea.

"And meanwhile all my life is just a blank;
And oft I doubt, and sometimes I believe;
Now on a tossing sea I find a plank,
And heaven comes down my losses to relieve;
A little while, and all is dark again;
The deep, strong wisdom of the world I cherish,
And round my intellect I bind its chain,
But the next hour is sure to see it perish.

"I read my Gospels and I pray to God,
And feel the emptiness of human learning;
In old religious forms I onward plod,
My soul for holiness and wisdom yearning;
Then, when this fit has lasted for a week,
No longer, some old worldly spirit comes,
Bacon, or Machiavelli, and I seek
Beneath their tables for the smallest crumbs."

No doubt many of us could ourselves subscribe to this, the author's, confession! But in order to produce poetry a man must, after all, be supremely sure of something, if only temporarily; and it is because Mr. Hosken is not convulsively certain of anything—not even temporarily, we feel—that his work at its best can only be described as verse. But it is due to him to say that it is very accomplished and often very pleasant verse. Whether he writes of classical themes, of God, of Cornwall, or of gipsies and the open road, he writes always with grace and not infrequently with strength, and there are spaciousness and humour in his work. Such verse is not to be underestimated. We cannot always live upon the highest ridges of "Parnasso Mount." There are times when the common speech of the common man is more consoling to us than the company of the most cultured and elect, and no reader save the literary snob (from whom may Heaven in its mercy spare us!) will deny that there are moods in which he finds it difficult to rise to the sublime ecstacies of the gods of song, and is glad to fall back for a while upon "rude rymes, the which a rustic muse did weave."

GILBERT THOMAS.

A CRITIC AMONG POETS.

Art is a republic where only the undesirable aliens say "Ladies first," and however one may grudge fresh advantages to prosperity, "merit first" is still the law of Art. But as there are, as it were, seven "places" in this article, it is as well to state that the positions of the first two alone have any reference to the value of the books which occupy them.

The work of Mrs. Elizabeth Mott[1] deserves a critical separation from merely pleasing verse because of the novelty of her matter and a power of expression which would have won her smiles from great Elizabethans.

"As a bellowing kraken lifts the sea . . ."
"Stare, haggard from old orgies, megalith,"
". . . Beat by the rain as a drum."

Those are three lines from three poems, and, although two of them are but fragments of sentences, they all serve to show she has the art of capturing both ear and eye. This power is justly associated with a proper intellectual pride. Comparing "Mind" with "the brave hawk" she cries:

"Loosen her jess and fling her up i' the wind!"

and, without having anything to communicate intolerable to modern taste or morality, she writes sometimes like one to whom truth has the precision of circles and right angles. Cheerless humour, implied rather than expressed, lights her ballad of a dethroned king contemptuously left to get what good or evil he may out of the regal crown from which he is not allowed to part. "Drawn Blinds" has a harrowing pathos worthy of the prose of Miss May Sinclair; and in "Crystals," though it lacks a quality that these marvels of Nature's geometry suggest, one recognises the will to find new themes worthy of the Muse.

It is rebellion against dullness, emptiness, the chronic hunger of the senses for joy in a world where a farthing pin can give us a sovereign's worth of pain—it is rebellion, superbly lyrical and extravagant, which enamours one with Miss Iris Tree's poems.[2] There is more than a hint that she confuses matter with spirit and thus imports into the disintegration of the physically visible a worse tragedy than belongs to it. Like many another poet, too, she is guilty of unseemly pejoration for the sake of metaphorical effect. But scorn evokes a truly thrilling rhetoric from this twentieth century pessimist who fears that:

"Man will creep as he has always done
Along the little gutters of his greed."

This scorn is not the result of the juxtaposition of a simplicity with a simple depravity. It is unconsciously a sign of the evolution upon which desire insists as it forces the light to smart within the callosity of man. Miss Tree, far from being simple, appears to be well acquainted with the profusion that is everything to the world except the *elixir vitæ* and the fellowship of divine love. Her brain contains pictures of civilisation galore, and her work, in which she ranges from a swift accuracy of metre comparable with the Swinburne of "Songs before Sunrise" to *vers libre* and "prose-poetry," is rich in its glorious discontent, at times brilliantly observant, and happier than it knows. May she have many readers, especially among those whose god is Trade, whether "Free" or the other sort. And may no one have cause to write of her as Mr. Benjamin Low[3] writes in tribute to an "Obscure Musician":

"So it was ever with singers; dead of sorrow
Just a heart's throb too strong."

This poet, who is another of Mr. John Lane's songsters (if a man can be called a songster who writes more as if pleasant harmony than joy in the soaring and vibration of sound were his object), knows how to convey to his pages a rather attractive impression of himself charmed by the aspect of ordinary life, thanks to his associative power. He has room in his verse for "nails not just clean," and an article of feminine attire unknown to me, called "sneakers." Yet he is distinctly a poet, exalted by passion and able to hear a sea that "gathers panic" "bellowing its woes to the bare sky." He is not, unfortunately, as clear as one would like him to be, though he has no mannerism in his occasional obscurity, if that be not too hard a word.

England is rich in nature poets who assemble pretty flowers and charming birds into pleasing stanzas. Mr. Foster[4] is one of those gentle minstrels, and to him, as to Mr. Low:

"All lovely sights appear
The mystic porch and fading vestibule
Of visions lovelier."

Nature is like a "sister" to him, and he informs us that "Her dullest ways are full of winsomeness." His own ways are uncertain: for instance, his lines "To a Spider" are grotesquely unsuccessful, while in "After Winter" he pleases both by tune and fancy. The most interesting thing in his volume is a tragedy on a theme recalling "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," the heroine being the wife of a vicar who, for her sake, broke a vow of celibacy, though he lacked spiritual force to be true to her when confronted with the fact that she had passed under the Tree of Knowledge before marriage. There are vitality of characterisation and genuine passion in this drama; but, if it were presented in bald prose, our disapproval of its gloomy extremes would outweigh our praise.

[1] "Dryad's Trove, and Other Poems." By Elizabeth Mott. 4s. net. (Hutchinson.)

[2] "Poems." By Iris Tree. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

[3] "The Pursuit of Happiness, and Other Poems." By Benjamin R. C. Low. 5s. net. (John Lane.)

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XUM

In "Forgotten Shrines"[5] (a title whose suitability is questionable) Mr. Farrar, an American poet, offers a slender collection of "portraits," "songs for children," etc., revealing a soul in touch with tender, lonely, tearful (as distinct from lachrymose) mortals of either sex. He expresses admirably the pathos of a forgotten Nurse, the wistfulness of one banished by the law of Truth from the Church that was his spiritual home, the sorrow of sensual love pitied in an irrevocable refusal; and also he can write a ballad heavy with the brutality and vindictiveness of days when aristocracy and despotism were almost synonymous. In his child-poetry Mr. Farrar does not always raise triviality to a literary level, but he shows deep knowledge of a child's faith and ambition when he makes one exclaim:

> "All alone, all alone, all alone!
> It has such a wonderful sound."

The quest of the Magi who saw the star of Jesus Christ in the East supplies Mr. Grazebrook with the theme of a poem[6] in blank verse which, at its best, has the interest of a fine historical novel. In fact, it would have been better if the author, whose faculty of visualisation is superior to his outfit as a poet, had satisfied himself with telling his story in prose. This I say to his credit: his portrait of Herod and the account of the night of banqueting when the sinister ruler was cowed by "Things Unclean" and "elementals' hate," submissive to Balthazar's potent magic, hold the attention of a reader who is not easily fascinated by the fictitiously "supernatural."

Sir Clive Phillipps-Wolley[7] sings of a country:

> "Where the strong air works like wine in the blood,
> As you ride through flowers to the knee."

He carries the spirit and banner of loyalty to England to the frontiers of her empire, and is ardent, enthusiastic, lyrical. But as one might expect of a poet, he loathes the hands whose itch for wealth produces criminal insensibility to loveliness. He is not the man who wants to find coal under bluebells, and for him there is another gold besides the mineral which jingled in pockets before the war. Canada should be appreciative of Sir Clive's verses, for he makes Canada seem as spiritually near to us as Mr. Arthur Griffith makes Ireland seem far away.

W. H. CHESSON.

THE MIND OF DANTE.*

Professor Grandgent's volume is something more than the title suggests. Experience of many works on the subject promises that a book called "Dante" shall detail the brief outline of the poet's life, shall discuss pleasantly the character of his love for Beatrice—was she vision, abstraction or woman?—and then shall describe, as fully as the limits permit, the peculiar and wonderful incidents of the "Divine Comedy," the mechanism of the mediæval Earth, Hell, Purgatory, Heaven, and so on; nearly always with deep and moving interest because of the compelling fascination of the work. Professor Grandgent is, however, bolder than many of his compeers. He prefers to use the individuality of Dante as a compendium, an embodiment, of the learning, philosophy, superstition, faith, science, politics, prejudices of mediæval times; and of course is justified of his adventure. What he has to say is not original; but is worth re-saying; and although his conception of the mind of the Middle Ages is narrowed through his peculiarly American way of looking at ancient things, his volume is assuredly one to add to the shelf of keepable books. In illustration of the disadvantages just alleged, we have such statements as these:

> "Architecture is even now wrestling with the problem of the skyscraper, which may prove to be a not altogether unworthy rival of the Gothic cathedral and the Greek temple . . ."

and

> "Terror of Hell once founded churches and convents; terror of socialism now lays the corner-stone of hospitals, libraries and schools."

Much may be conceded to the Harvard Professor of Romance Languages; but such casual incongruities of portentous utterance are far beyond the requirements of a single volume on Dante Alighieri. The clipped American-English in which it is written is also a defect. "Focust" is not an improvement on "focussed" and moreover causes some unsettlement of attention, which has sufficient concern with the motive of the book, an affair of the infinities.

So much for the deficiencies; notable enough to be named but not to be exaggerated; for the work on the whole is excellent, and puts the governing facts of the Middle Ages, intellectual, political, spiritual, as fairly and compactly as they could well be put. Professor Grandgent is of course justified in grouping the circumstances and tendencies of the time, and in finding within the written works and personality of Dante their supreme expression; the "Divine Comedy" alone being a mine of scholarship and credulities, packed to the brim with the wisdom and ignorance of those picturesque years, the wit and folly alike being in great measure inspired. This achievement is, however, not a new discovery to the lover of Dante. The poet's references to historical figures and contemporaries, whether traceable or finally baffling, will be for all time a lure to the interested and the leisurely. It is unnecessary to spend ink in giving an account of these well-rehearsed wonders.

But it is impossible to read Dante without a renewal of amazement at the profundities of old scholarship upon which our conceited world of modern thought is poised. In some respects we have not progressed even a crab's march beyond those forbears. Burton's "Anatomy" has something of a similar effect. To realise the ingenuities and daring of mediæval sages—those adventurers into uncharted seas of infinite wonder—is to recognise how in many respects brighter and better filled with ideals was that old life to this, wherein we squabble over mean things, and seem to regard the Factory System as a benevolent institution. Of course they had their intolerable conditions—a triumphantly tyrannous political church, faddists and fanciers who ran amuck in regions unplumbable; yet, still, the mistakes of the times, its barbarities, misjudgments and intolerance, seem to have been something finer, because less smug, than those we indulge in. In place of a Lorenzo, with his magnificence and encouraging love of the arts, we have the manufacturer with his millions, playing road-hog, sweater, or preposterous snob, anything, indeed, but the prince of high thought and good manners. To re-enter the universe in which Dante soared and suffered is to get back to a time of many great faults; but we have the same faults now, social and personal, woven to a meaner texture.

Professor Grandgent's volume is to be welcomed; not only for its inherent merits, but because it reopens a world which, through the comparisons and contrasts, cannot but help the fading ideals necessary to this day.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

[5] "Forgotten Shrines." By John Chipman Farrar. 3s. 6d. net. (Oxford University Press.)

[6] "The Pilgrimage of a Thousand Years." By Owen F. Grazebrook. 4s. 6d. net. (Birmingham: Cornish Brothers.)

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Lady Stirling has written, in "Sweet Aloes," a slight but readable story of love and life in military circles in India. There are two colonels in the story; one, Colonel Gascoigne, is a charming man outside his own home, and anything but a charming man to his wife and family. He is, however, the father of what we may term the "second lady," pretty, smart Edna Gascoigne, who, after holding her own in spite of the narrowness of her father's purse, becomes engaged to a general. The second colonel, though never seen, plays an important part in the story. He is the father of Meg Meadows, the "first lady"; and having taken to drink on learning of the death of his wife from cholera during his absence, so report said, he lives in a secluded bungalow enclosed by a thick hedge, and threatens to shoot the first white man who dares to enter his compound. In the end, in a state of raving madness, he actually does shoot the man his daughter loves. Lady Stirling's knowledge of life in India is deftly used in this tale, and the daily round of work and pleasure is very life-like in these pages. We do not feel convinced that it would have been possible for Lady Shaw, the wife of the Resident, to remain unrecognised as the one-time girl-wife of Colonel Meadows, but as the fact restores Meg's mother to her when she badly needs comfort, we are prepared to accept it as part of a pleasant and often exciting story.

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There are other demobilised officers than "Sapper's" Bull-dog Drummond who find peace dull, and Colonel Hugh Bentley is another of those whom the Armistice has left with no occupation. He is twenty-eight, has an allowance from a war-wealthy father, and the days continue to pass while he just looks round. He dines at his club, goes to theatres and dances, meets Rhoda Drake, and generally does his best to fill in time. The process gets a little monotonous, and things begin to drag. Then, in a moment of inspiration, the author brings the Countess Polonia Tchaikovitz into the story. The Countess is a remarkable woman, very ugly, much in the forefront of fashion, and with the kind of attraction that to look at a gargoyle offers. She has a curious influence on a shadowy individual named Chris, who wears long-shaped black boots and whose feet have no arch over the instep. The sense of mystery is well kept up and has its moments of horror in the neurotic outburst of unreasoning fear which surrounds Bentley's death. For the sake of the story we could have wished that the Countess had come into the pages earlier than she did.

THE SURRENDER AND OTHER HAPPENINGS. By Mary Gaunt. 7s. net. (Werner Laurie.)

These short stories of Mrs. Mary Gaunt are a panorama of travel, and a good deal more besides. Nobody but one who has explored the far corners of the earth and studied with an understanding heart the various races of the world could have written them. And therein to a great extent lies their fascination. From the white wastes of Alaska to the humid swamps of Africa and the splendour of a Chinese temple is but the turning of a page, yet each story grows as naturally out of its atmosphere as a flower out of its native soil. Mrs. Gaunt's short stories are exquisite examples of what the short story should be, neither abbreviated novels nor exaggerated incidents, but cameo representations of human life and character. Some are war stories, some which are too brief to claim to be stories come in the category of "happenings"; and following the trend of modern thought, the author weaves into one of the best and most enthralling of the collection—"The Temple of the Great Beneficence"—a touch of the supernatural. "The Surrender," dealing with two British officers who, with a small party of blacks, are lost in the African swamps, and fight their way through to German territory with the intention of surrendering, only to be surrendered to by the startled Germans, is a strong plot worked out in a masterly fashion, with vivid descriptions and flashes of genial humour. It is not too much praise to say that no story in the book falls short of that high level we expect to find in Mrs. Gaunt's work.

MALCOLM SAGE, DETECTIVE. By Herbert Jenkins. 7s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Probably there is no type of fiction that gives so much pleasure to so wide a circle of readers as the detective story. Indeed, its appeal is practically universal. From the errand boy to the philosopher, few can resist the spell of a cunningly-woven mystery. And now the distinguished creator of Bindle has moved towards the creation of Malcolm Sage, a keen-brained gentleman whose successes in Government service during the war induced his good friend John Dene, once of Toronto and now of London, to set him up as a private investigator, largely with a view to insurance cases. In this book there are set out seven problems that were put before Malcolm Sage professionally, and the processes by which he reasoned out their solution are clearly given and explained. It is a matter for praise that the problems are not superhumanly insoluble, but good solid puzzles, offering certain tangles and complications through some of which the reader can see his way, as Malcolm Sage sees it, though, as is fitting, the reader's acuteness in spotting the guilty is not always as unerring as the detective's. The solving of the cattle-maiming mystery is an excellent example of the investigator's methods, and the discovery of the real thief of Lady Glanedale's jewels certainly deserved something better than the customary gold-mounted walking-stick with which the insurance company liked to reward the detective's prowess. There are two murder cases in the book, both ingeniously worked out, and a theft of an important and incendiary Admiralty memorandum. Malcolm Sage will be a popular detective, and it is to be hoped that seekers

for Help will not mob the Adelphi, where he has his flat. By the way, it is a matter for consideration whether the gibes about the incompetency of ministers from prime ministers down, and the folly of civil servants and their typists, etc., are not somewhat moth-eaten. During the war, it should be remembered, the departments were largely staffed with "business-men" and their appendages. It is hardly fair that the civil servant should remain the scapegoat for all time.

The Bookman's Table.

NEW POEMS. By Rowland Thirlmere. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

The first thing that strikes one in this book of Mr. Thirlmere's is the extreme difference in merit between such lines as

> "Faithful to the kindly discipline that makes
> The wild bird happy;"

and this, the last verse of a poem, "Night in London" (October, 1916), which, after describing the careless joys of those who on a raidless night emerge from their stall, and those who on the same night arrive, broken men, at Charing Cross, concludes:

> "And the Picardy mud is packed with dead—
> But which are shadows to me?
> —The lads whose laughter is quieted
> Or the laughing folk I see?"

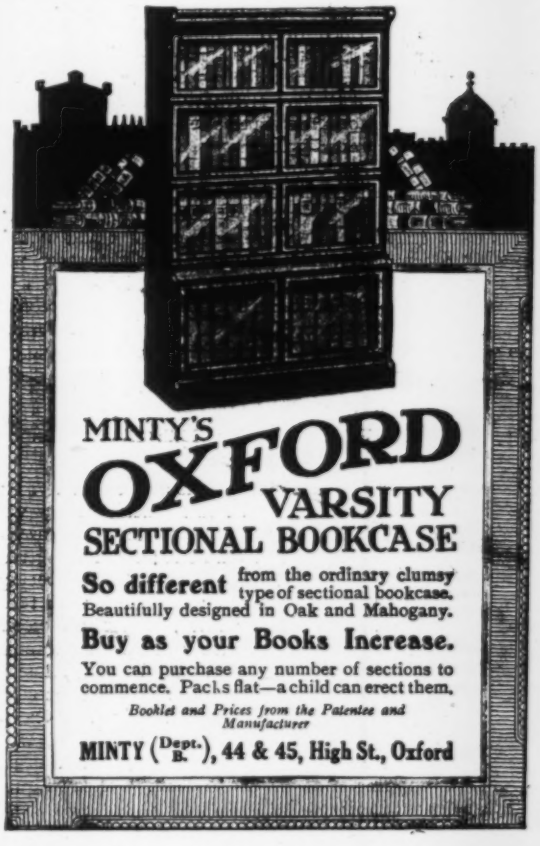
It is a pity that in so fine a piece there should be a facile play on the word "Empire." Mr. Thirlmere gives one the impression of being altogether too facile. His beautiful lines, and they are many, are submerged in lines that want pruning.

> "Now I reap harvest from a cloud
> And gather vintage from the wind. . . ."

is very good, and we hope that he will bring himself to rely more on those sources and less on the moralising which makes him descend occasionally to the low levels of the worst of Wordsworth; and, by the way, his Lake District dialect poems are most attractive.

BYGONE BELIEFS. By H. Stanley Redgrove, B.Sc. 10s. 6d. net. (Rider.)

Mr. Redgrove is a man of considerable scientific attainments who has written, with the authority of experimental knowledge, on such subjects as "the calculation of thermo-chemical constants" and on "inductive geometry." He has sought also to apply mathematical principles to the elucidation of metaphysical problems. It seems worth while to mention these facts as illustrating the quality of mind which offers in the present volume a notable series of studies not alone on Pythagoras and his philosophy, on "characteristics of mediæval thought" and architectural symbolism, but on the belief in talismans, ceremonial magic and most especially on the quest of the philosopher's stone. There are in fact two considerations of alchemy, its method, symbolism and metaphysical assumptions. They are excellent in respect of clearness and suggestive in the theories put forward. For Mr. Redgrove the old Hermetists followed the quest of "fundamental unity," which he regards as "a primary need of human thought," and he reminds us that some of the greatest intellects of the Middle Ages, Roger Bacon included, are numbered among the alchemists. We are more particularly interested, however, in his recognition of a "close connection between alchemy and mysticism," which he shares in common with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other critics of the literature at the present day. He regards the Hermetic work in laboratories as an attempt to apply the doctrines of religious mysticism—e.g. the transmutation or regeneration of the soul—to chemical and physical phenomena. As such it proved a failure. It would seem, however, that an alternative view of the subject divides the expository literature into two branches, that which claimed to communicate supposed chemical discoveries under the veils of an obscure symbolism and that which used the same symbolism to record—for those who could read—discoveries of the spiritual order and deep inward experiences in days when such mysteries could not be discussed openly. Evidently the doctors disagree, with the result that "the closed palace of the King"—as the Hermetists call it—has not yet been opened to public view, notwithstanding the "twelve keys" of Basil Valentine, who was accounted a great artist of the work in the age of "bygone beliefs."

THE WOODEN PEGASUS. By Edith Sitwell. 6s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

Illusions are rudely shattered as one grows older. There was a time when we thought we knew what poetry was, even though we had never joined the glorious company of heroes who have attempted to define it; but having read "The Wooden Pegasus," we are abashed. This is poetry; Miss Sitwell says so; she evidently believes it; we retire into our shell, and admire her faith, if not her works. That may come later, when we gather what it is all about, what exotic significances are conveyed by the allusions to snow and hail in hell, and by the preponderance of fruity metaphors. (Miss Sitwell has a perfect fruitarian vocabulary—melons, apples, nectarines, peaches and strawberries are mentioned in her first rhyme, which begins charmingly, "Summer afternoon in Hell.") Let us quote a little poem entitled "Small Talk":

"Upon the noon
Cassandra died,
Harpy soon
Screeched outside.
Gardener Jupp,
In his shed,
Counted wooden
Carrots red.
Black shades pass,
Dead-stiff there,
On green baize grass—
Drink his beer
Bumpkin turnip,
Mask limp-locked,
White sun frights
The gardener shocked.
Harpy creaked
Her limbs again;
'I think,' she squeaked,
'It's going to rain!'"

The pursuit of beauty can no farther go. We have seen poetry, studied it for many years, even attempted the writing of it, but never have we drawn near to so mystical, so wonderful an achievement as this. It is inevitable, in the course of time, that our older poets shall be seen in their true colours, shall be recognised as the pretenders that they were, when tested by such golden accomplishment, such clearness of vision. Why not—the thought occurs—apply the test at once?

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate. . . ."

You know that sonnet of Shakespeare's. How poor, how uninspired it seems now that we know what real, living poetry is! There are glimpses of this old-fashioned poetry in "The Wooden Pegasus," particularly a poem entitled "The Mother," and some little lyrics, "Lullaby" and "Water Music," with three or four others, all of which we have the presumption to think charming and strong and beautiful. But we hesitate to insert even this tiny morsel of criticism, lest we be banned—by Miss Sitwell—for ever and irredeemably, with strange and exciting adjectives and jewelled, gleaming phrases like the aftermath of rockets that twinkle down the sky.

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The Bookman Illustrated Autumn Supplement

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF GREEK PHILOSOPHY.

By W. T. Stace. 7s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Mr. Stace's "Critical History of Greek Philosophy," though it covers the whole ground, ranging from the Ionics, the Pythagoreans and the Eleatics to the Epicureans, the Sceptics and the Neoplatonists, is no mere dryasdust textbook retailing time-honoured opinions. It is nothing if not critical, it treats philosophy as a living force, and it is amusing in the best sense of the word. An excellent example of the author's style and method is to be found in the passage in which Mr. Stace demolishes Mr. H. G. Wells, who in "First and Last Things" says: "The proper way to discuss metaphysics, like the proper way to discuss mathematics or chemistry, is to discuss the accumulated and digested product of human thought in such matters." To which Mr. Stace retorts with great cogency:

"The comparisons between arithmetic, chemistry and philosophy rest wholly on a false parallel and involve a total failure to comprehend the nature of philosophic truth and its fundamental difference from arithmetical, chemical or physical truths. A later correct view in arithmetic or chemistry simply cancels and renders nugatory the older view. The one is correct, the other incorrect. We can ignore and forget the incorrect view altogether. But the development of philosophy proceeds on quite other principles. The system of Aristotle does not cancel or refute that of Plato. Spinoza does not simply abolish Descartes. Aristotle completes Plato as his necessary complement. Spinoza does the same for Descartes. . . . The systems of Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, Leibniz, Descartes, etc., are all alike factors of the truth."

From **Spanish America,** By C. R. Enock. (*Fisher Unwin*).

Statue at Colon representing Columbus Protecting the Indians.

THE WAR FOR MONARCHY.

By J. A. Farrer. 15s. net. (Swarthmore Press.)

The war referred to is the Napoleonic war ending in 1815, and the writer's object is to show it up as corrupt and unnecessary. His philosophy is the serious and noble one of peace and the need for peace in the world, and he points out moments when, during the twenty years' struggle, Europe could have had peace had it not been for kings and statesmen. Pitt is of course subjected to condemnation for prolonging the war, and England is pointed out as the pivot and mainspring of the coalition that was guilty of refusing peace to an exhausted and tormented world. As Mr. Farrer emphasises the fact that every time Napoleon struck down a European country, he offered peace to England, and England was guilty of refusing the overture, but went on fighting, are we to draw the parallel and regard England as guilty for refusing to make peace with Germany during "the late war" on Germany's own terms? Mr. Farrer seems to think it wrong of Pitt to seek to impose an external will on France and Napoleon, rather than accepting the imposition of Napoleon's will on every country that was unable to overthrow him in the field. He seems to assent to the advice given by Miles in 1808 to the Prince of Wales, calling for peace to save the nation from ruin: "Leave to France the task of arranging the Continent of Europe, of which she is become the absolute mistress; *her claim, the right of conquest.*" It is indeed very hard to understand the logic of the pacificosophist. Mr. Farrer perhaps means well, but history is by no means to be accepted as it is in this volume.

THE MUSIC OF WILD FLOWERS.

By John Vaughan, M.A. 8s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Taking for his text a saying of Dr. Arnold's, "Wild flowers are my music," Canon Vaughan of Winchester has collected from various sources a number of his botanical papers, and in the present volume has given us the benefit of these reprinted pieces. The result is a most pleasant and varied entertainment, botanical learning and the utterances of poets concerning wild flowers happily commingled. Winchester and Hampshire with the New Forest and Selborne Common are the theme of several papers; thence we pass to the sand-dunes and salt marshes of the Suffolk coast. In his account of the flora of railway banks, not forgetting certain plants that persist in living on the permanent way itself, Canon Vaughan reveals a scientific interest and power of observation by no means surpassed

XUM

in the essays on the more highly favoured "Early Spring at Vevey" or "Woods in May." It is difficult to state preferences for each one of these twenty-three papers has its own charm, and all are written with an easy grace that banishes hostility and promotes good will; but for our own part we esteem "Where Isaak Walton died" and the papers on "Fritillaries" and "Climbing Plants" above the rest.

From **Peterborough** (*S.P.C.K.*).

THE GUILDHALL, PETERBOROUGH.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH TOWNS: NOTTINGHAM.

By EVERARD L. GUILFORD, M.A. 4s. net. (S.P.C.K.).

This is a very excellent little book in a series that is to be commended. Mr. Guilford is lecturer in history at University College, Nottingham, and his ancestors "held important corporate office more than a century ago." Justly therefore he takes pride in the past and present of Nottingham, and his story has the note of lively interest. Wisely disregarding early legends of the place and content to date the beginnings of Nottingham from the coming of the Danes in 868, an admirable summary of its political history is brought down to modern times. Additional chapters, equally well informed, are concerned with Nottingham Castle (burnt by the Reform rioters of 1831, and for more than forty years a blackened ruin until it passed into the hands of the corporation to emerge an art museum), with local government and industrial history, with religious institutions, and with a singularly happy description of mediæval Nottingham. We should have liked some allusion to the famous cricket ground at Trent Bridge, for sport has its place in history, and the value of the book to students would be enhanced by a list of authorities. The illustrations, maps and index provided are all adequate and deserve acknowledgment.

THE FINDING OF THE "MAYFLOWER."

By Rendel Harris. 4s. 6d. net. (Longmans).

From **The Finding of the "Mayflower"** (*Longmans*).

THE OLD BARN AT JORDANS.

At the present moment the interest in the *Mayflower* and her pilgrims is considerable, and so Mr. Harris's book on his recent discoveries will be welcomed and widely read. There can be little doubt that he has made out his case and that the barn at Jordans is undoubtedly constructed of the timbers of that stout old ship. Americans will therefore have a new shrine for pilgrimage in this country, if indeed they do not buy up bodily and transport it to America. There are many excellent photographs and reproductions. The book is written in a simple and straightforward style which will recommend itself to all readers, and the facts disclosed are intensely interesting to all who are interested in the story of the Pilgrim Fathers.

From **The Charm of Oxford**
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Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

From a drawing in pencil by W. G. Blackall.

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THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON IN 1666.

By WALTER GEORGE BELL, F.R.A.S. Illustrated. 25s. net. (John Lane.)

It is not a little surprising that we should have had to wait for two and a half centuries for a first history of the most devastating and momentous experience through which London ever passed. The Plague, which preceded it, was a longer agony, more tragic, more unspeakably terrible in its effects upon the lives of men, but the Great Fire, if it spared life, laid practically all London in ashes—almost blotted out the whole city. So far we have had to content ourselves with such vivid little sketches of the enormous catastrophe as are scattered through the pages of Pepys, Evelyn, and less available contemporary writers,

From **In Perilous Days**
By Mrs. Catherine Bearne
(*S.P.C.K.*).

From a painting by Plioty.

THE TUMBRIL.

From **The Diary of a Sportsman Naturalist in India** (*John Lane.*)

RETURNING AFTER THE BATH.

but now Mr. Bell has not only brought together all these references, he has consulted registers, letters, official and private documents, dredged assiduously in every place where information was likely to be had, and has skilfully welded it all into a connected and amazingly detailed narrative of what happened in those dread four days, from the hour the fire broke out at the baker's in Pudding Lane till, after leaping erratically from street to street, roaring and raging incessantly day and night, it burnt itself out at Pie Corner. Mr. Bell records the architectural and other treasures that were lost in that holocaust, brings you to a graphic realisation of Stuart London, which was largely a mediæval survival, and devotes interesting chapters to the restoration and rebuilding of the city, which, added to the masterly, curiously intimate narrative of the fire itself, makes this one of the most valuable as well as one of the most fascinating of all the books that have been written about London. It is a real and a moving epic story, and Mr. Bell has marshalled his facts with an imaginative art that makes them live again. The book is illustrated with numerous photographs, old English and foreign prints, and has folding plates of the ruined area, of London in ruins after the fire, and of Wren's plan for rebuilding it.

Photo by Sir J. P. Hewett.
From **The Diary of a Sportsman Naturalist in India** (*John Lane*).

THE LINE IN STRAGGLING OPEN ORDER, PROCEEDING TO THE NEXT TIGER BEAT.

THE DIARY OF A SPORTSMAN NATURALIST IN INDIA.

By E. P. STEBBING. Illustrated. 21s. net. (The Bodley Head.)

Mr. Stebbing has already to his credit more than one book on sport and wild life in India, and this is a worthy addition to the series. It recounts some of his experiences in Indian jungles after bison, boar, barasingh, sambhur and tiger, beginning in the latter days of last century, when game was more plentiful than it is now. His adventures were lively and various, ranging from episodes when everything went for the best for the hunter, to others in which the game had more than even luck, and he never hesitates to make a point against himself. For he is a manifest lover of the jungle and its people for themselves, not for his own triumphs, and from that arises the wisdom, ease and delight of his book. And it is delightful—no mere record of animals seen, animals killed. In fact the reader gets more fun—as the sportsman did—out of the heat and distress and fatigue of a hard day, and the success in getting on terms with his quarry, than out of the mere kill. Mr. Stebbing's book is one for both sportsman and naturalist, and as every one is to some extent a sportsman and a naturalist, one for the general reader as well. No one can fail to find delight in it.

From **The Glamour of Prospecting,** By Lieutenant Fred C. Cornell, O.B.E. (*Fisher Unwin*).

THE AUTHOR AT NAKOB, READY FOR A LONG TRIP.

THE GLAMOUR OF PROSPECTING.

By F. C. CORNELL. Illustrated. 21s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Quite clearly the real "prospector" is as much "born, not made," as ever a poet could be. The writer of this book describes in terse, vivid fashion his excursions into all the waste and inaccessible parts of South Africa in search of copper, gold, diamonds, emeralds and the like. Strange places and strange adventures, starvation, thirst, physical dangers, hardships, hairbreadth escapes from most unpleasant fates fill his story. Over and over again he nearly lit upon fortune, but some mischance sent him the wrong way, and other men had the luck. Still and for all that, the book is no hard-luck tale; it is obvious that Mr. Cornell enjoyed everything, or at any rate would not have cared to escape the toils at the cost of giving up the free, open life and the unconquerable hope. He gives us a very admirable notion of South African lands, and their almost unimaginable wealth of mineral treasures.

From **In the Clouds Above Baghdad** (*Cecil Palmer*).
By Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Tennant.

ON PATROL.

THE TROUT ARE RISING.

By B. BENNION. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (The Bodley Head.)

Mr. Bennion is not unknown to a considerable public as "B. B." of *The Field*, where his articles on fishing have won him many friends. He will keep them all, and win more through this delightful book of fishing sketches, so rich in good memories and in good advice to boot. It is a commonplace that the art and practice of fishing is one of the most fascinating known to mortal man, and Mr. Bennion feels all its fascination and can convey it in words. He himself commenced angling at five years old, which to the purist may seem a trifle late in life though not hopelessly so. It may be contended that not later than four is the proper age to be entered on sticklebacks, that is for one who is to be a serious performer with the rod. It is no less exacting than piano playing, properly envisaged. However, Mr. Bennion made up for lost time, and never trifled away his opportunities subsequently. Hence his enchanting chapters on fishing in South Africa, capable of rousing envy in the bosom of any but the most honest and noble of men, that is to say, all fishermen. For good gossip, good stories, good cordial tone and good practical advice this book is one to be recommended highly.

From **The Trout are Rising** (*John Lane*).

**THE HEX RIVER, NEAR WORCESTER.
A TRANSVAAL STREAM.**

BROKEN COLOUR.

By HAROLD OHLSON. 8s. 6d. (The Bodley Head.)

Here is a book for the idler, the dilettante, the lover of quaint and charming people, who do unusual things, and break out in unexpected and delightful sayings. Mr. Ohlson has made a good study of his artist hero Hubert, and his lovable companions, James and Angela, who adored the young vagabond. For Hubert worshipped such gods as the fire on the hearth, and the changing shadows on the sea; and consorted with men of old clothes and new ideas. As for James, he was also an artist, living in Bloomsbury. (In his sitting-room the mantelpiece was given up entirely to the bronze figure of a young girl made by a very great man indeed.) It was a terrible day for the peaceful trio when Hubert discovered he had fallen in love with a rich man's daughter. He was obliged to go and be civil to a dreadful uncle of his who ran an office, and who couldn't bear unconventional youths living in studios among dust and beauty. Mr. Ohlson would have made a better book if he had tightened up his plot a little. It is wandering to a degree; but there is such a friendliness and attraction about its pages that it does not seem to matter.

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THREE-COLOUR COVER DESIGN (REDUCED)
From wrapper of "The Girl in Fancy Dress," by J. E. Buckrose (Hodder & Stoughton).

EXTERIOR TO THE EVIDENCE.

By J. S. FLETCHER.
(Hodder & Stoughton.)

Even if you are in rather a languid mood when you take up this book; even if you believe that you are not particularly fond of detective yarns, you will be conquered by the fascination and mystery of the story as it is unfolded. Mr. Fletcher writes with a touch of distinction; the characters are all delineated with clearness, and the whole thing, though horrible, is always possible. How did the elderly gallant, Sir Cheville Stanbury, come by his death up at Black Scar at midnight? And how was it that so many people were afoot that night on the moor—the French governess, to whom Sir Cheville was engaged, the lawyer Birch, the lynx-eyed confidential clerk Bradwell Pike, the heroine's father, Lucas Etherton, and also the hero's mother, Mrs. Stanbury? A button off Mrs. Stanbury's coat, by the way (a unique button), was found close to the spot where the victim lay. It was all very sinister, and there was a will involved and also some plans of a great secret invention made by Etherton. Very neatly does Mr. Fletcher shift the suspicions of the reader from one to another likely person, working the whole thing up in a masterly way. The quiet power of the last chapter (in which the guilty individual is allowed to sit quietly near the expert investigator while he tells his tale, and is made gradually to realise that the game is up) is impressive.

THE KILLER.

By STEWART EDWARD WHITE.
8s. 6d. net. (Hodder.)

This author's name conjures up for us one unforgettable book, "The Silent Places," in which was revealed with wonderful simplicity and skill the horror and the charm of the North-West. It was with the keenest expectation, therefore, that we turned to this book of stories and sketches of old days in Arizona. The opening story, which gives the volume its name, reveals Mr. White's power of description as strong as ever. It is a grim story, this, of Old Hooper, the man with the blood lust, but the grimness is relieved by many fine touches of humour and vivid characterisation, the latter at every point conveying to the reader the satisfying certainty of intimate knowledge and truth. Of the rest of the book we would mention only the section called "The Ranch," which consists of fourteen very charming descriptive papers of a holiday spent at a hospitable and old-fashioned Californian ranch. Here again the reader has the comfortable sense of listening to a master of his subject who is able to reproduce for us the picturesque and simple happenings of a mode of life that very soon will be no more. For the fiat of civilisation has gone forth, and the thrilling days of cow-boys and punchers are ending with the advance of barbed wire and the motor-car.

From **The Influence of Man on Animal Life in Scotland** (*Cambridge Press*).

CATCHING A BADGER.
From a coloured plate dated 1820, after H. Alken.

THE KING OF IRELAND'S SON.

By PADRAIC COLUM. Presented by WILLY POGANY. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

The old, old Celtic stories are here in an old, new way. The matter of Celt and Gael grows more and ever more beautiful in the over and over telling. Here, let us say, is the hundredth version, and it is like a lake of fair memories in summer tide, full of the blue sky. There is the tale of the Swan Maidens, and she who loses her coat becomes a great providence in Faerie for the King of Ireland's son. There is the tale of the Sword of Light, a variant from Peredur folk-lore, and the tale of Gilly of the Goatskin, who is the very kin of Peredur. There is the tale which is strange and terrible, of the maid Shun and her weird of love, like an echo from the old mysteries. There is also—yet as one among many left over—a story before and behind her "Unique Tale"; but we have met it in other manners of language, times without number. Now it happens that Mr. Padraic Colum has not only the Gaelic spirit, but the mantle of its inspiration is upon him. He has done therefore a certain work of alchemy and the old lore lives again in a new form. He has also drawn myths together, has worked them one into another and embedded them in the chief story of "The King of Ireland's Son." The result is a folk-romance—long, beautiful and noble—having also a beginning, middle and end, an ordered plan throughout. It is the best Gaelic story-book which one has seen these many days, and it should have a place in the annals of Faerie through generations and years. Well done, therefore, thou good and faithful Gael.

From The King of Ireland's Son
By Padraic Colum.
Illustrated in colour and line by Willy Pogany
(*Harrap*).

THE CREATURE CAUGHT HIM IN ITS LONG ARMS.

MOUNTAINEERING ART.

By HAROLD RAEBURN. 16s. net. Illustrated. (Fisher Unwin.)

It is true, as Mr. Raeburn warns his readers, that as mountaineering is the art of "getting up and down mountains," it must always be the outcome of long practical experience, united to natural aptitude, and cannot be properly acquired from the pages of a book. But there is a great deal to be learned from the printed page and from illustrations about equipment and technique. And it would not be easy to better the notes and advice as to technique and equipment contained in this volume, the outcome of more than a score of years' experience on all kinds of rock and snow and ice. Mr. Raeburn tells you what you ought to have, and why it should be one thing rather than another seemingly as good or better; for instance, his dissertation on boots is wise, full and convincing, and so on ropes, crampons, ice-axes, rucksacks, etc. In everything he aims at making mountain climbing safe and happy as a sport, and he is eminently practical. He describes typical climbs in Britain and in the Alps, showing the sort of hazards and difficulties to be negotiated, explaining the various methods of climbers of different experience and capacities. The whole book is a happy blend of the severely practical and the interestingly discursive, and will interest the old hand as much as it will prove helpful to the novice.

From Mountaineering Art
By Harold Raeburn
(*Fisher Unwin*).

THE SEA OF ICE AND THE GRANDES JORASSES.

A CRY OF YOUTH.

By CYNTHIA LOMBARD. 8s. 6d. net. (Appleton.)

The scene of this uncorventional romance lies in Italy. A young American girl, Margaret Randolph, bent on seeing life, is a lady's help in a Roman boarding-house. A chance meeting with a young Franciscan results in a mutual and ardent love. Felice Estori was a scion of a famous patrician house, and his novitiate was the result not of inclination, but of a stepfather's greed. These circumstances made him disposed to listen to temptation, and the tempter soon appeared in Meurice Fauvel, a free-thinking artist of generous impulses, who admired the

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From **Awakening,** By John Galsworthy. Illustrated by R. H. Sauter (*Heinemann*). **TITLE PAGE.**

strikingly handsome couple, and determined to extricate Estori from his monastic life. He contrived to bring them together in a remote mountain home of his own, and here the lovers found their paradise. Days of sorrow and disillusionment came, their child was brutally killed by motorists, and doubt was sown between the lovers. Margaret returned to America and Estori to his cell, but fortune was kind to them. Margaret became a rich woman, and Estori succeeded to the headship of his family and was released from his vows by the Vatican. The weakest part of a not very credible story is the portion dealing with a dwarf and a hidden treasure.

"HE SPOKE AS IF HE WAS FIRST COUSIN TO SO MANY MICROBES AND GERMS THAT I BEGAN TO GET NERVOUS"

From **The Line's Engaged** (*Jarrold*).
Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN.

HOMES AND HAUNTS OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

By ALEXANDER MACKENNAL, D.D., and H. ELVET LEWIS, M.A. 12s. net. (Religious Tract Society.)

On September 6th, 1620, three hundred years ago, the *Mayflower* sailed from Plymouth, carrying the Pilgrim Fathers to find a land of freedom, and the site for a city of God, in that great, almost unknown world on the far side of the Atlantic. In truth they were "architects of the future," and the liberty for which they sought was "free communion of the human spirit with the Spirit of God." This is their memorial volume, prepared for the tercentenary, telling of those who went and whence they came in England. The first draft, so to speak, was given to us—now long ago—by Dr. Mackennal and is here altered and expanded, to

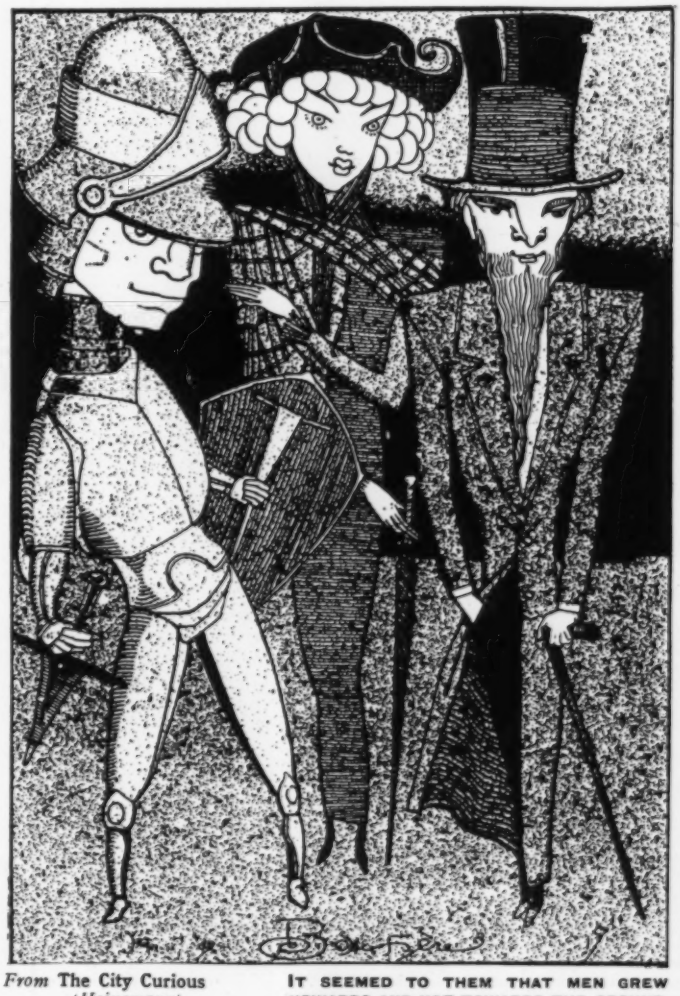
From **The Password to Fairyland** (*Simpkin, Marshall*). **A HIGH WIND.**
Reduced colour illustration.

real advantage, by Mr. Elvet Lewis. With coloured plates and many drawings and photographs, Mr. Charles Whymper has made it a thing of beauty in pictures. The adventurous story of the Pilgrim Fathers becomes a more living thing when we read it, looking at the same time on the "homes and haunts" which they left, on Gainsborough, Scrooby, Standish and Standish country, Boston in Lincolnshire, hallowed scenes of Cambridge and Corpus Christi, and the old, old town of Droitwich. We move through these places in the text, and they stand before us in the pictures. But the condition of things in all of them went from bad to worse, because of the persecuting days; and so it comes about that we pass with the Fathers to Holland, and here again the illustrations are aids to realisation of their life for a season in Amsterdam and Leyden—a dream-world of silent water-highways. It was at Leyden that they planned their quest across the seas, because they found no abiding-place in the Low Countries. It was from Delft that they sailed in the *Mayflower* to Southampton and then to Plymouth, preparing for the long voyage. There they tarried and thence they sailed, with how much hanging on their fate we know better than they did. Mr. Lloyd George says truly in his prefatory words that such a volume as this is of living importance, now that "the closer union of Great Britain and America has come to mean so much" for the world's future.

THE DIARY OF OPAL WHITELEY:

Written between the ages of six and seven.
7s. 6d. net. (Putnams.)

Opal Whiteley is a mystery. "Born about twenty-one years ago—when or where, we have no knowledge." She lost her parents before her fifth year, and there is nothing to give any clue to who they were except two copybooks that held their photographs, but which "were taken away from Opal when she was about twelve, and have never been returned, although there is ground for believing that they are still in existence." Opal was given to the wife of an Oregon lumberman and was brought up by her. Now Opal kept a diary, beginning in her sixth year and continuing to the present without serious interruption—a diary written on scrap-paper of all sorts. When she was over twelve years of age a foster-sister "unearthed the hiding-place of the diary—a hollow log in the woods—and tore it into a thousand fragments." Opal kept the fragments and many years later was persuaded by the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* to piece them together for publication. "The complete manuscript," says Mr. Ellery Sedgwick in the preface, "comprises more than 150,000 words. There are upwards of 70,000 which can be ascribed with certainty to the end of her sixth and her seventh years, and which are printed in this volume." Viscount Grey of Fallodon has contributed an introduction, a charming introduction calling attention to the vivid interest in and feeling for the beauty of the world and the life in it which are displayed in the diary. An English reader can have no hesitation in saying that if Opal Whiteley had been born and bred a "happy English child" this diary would be unmitigated spoof. English children of six years of age would not produce 70,000 words of laborious printing in capital letters, done in spare time seized from school and household tasks, nor is it easy to credit that an English girl would make 150,000 words suffice for six years' diary between six years old and twelve, if the first year took up 70,000 words and more. And few English children could at the age of six create and spell such a list of personifications as Opal made of her animal and vegetable friends: "Agamemnon Menelaus Dindon, a pet turkey; Alfric of Canterbury, a sheep; Anacreon Herodotus, a lamb; Aphrodite, the mother pig; Cynewulf, a sheep; Dallan Forgaill, a sheep; Menander Euripides Theocritus Thucydides, a lamb; Orderic, a sheep." There are ninety-nine of these characters, a stupendous array for a child of six—if she were English. And what observation! "Elsie is a very young girl"—a young married woman who to an English child of six must appear very grown up indeed. "I have thinks it must be wonderful happiness to be married. I have seen the same joy-light in the eyes of her tall young husband." But then Miss Opal Whiteley was an American young lady even at six years old. And we know what energy and "punch" that means. And we admire. Just consider the diary of one "to-day." It fills between 3,500 and 4,000 words, all done in large, straggled, printed capitals by an industrious little American girl of six at the close of the day whose doings are chronicled therein. It causes the English reader to bow in reverence—youth will be served, especially American youth.



From The City Curious (*Heinemann*).

IT SEEMED TO THEM THAT MEN GREW UPWARDS AND NOT TOWARDS THE GROUND.

A story for children. Told in English by F. Tennyson Jesse. Illustrated in colour and line by Jean de Bosschère.

WATER PLANTS: A STUDY OF AQUATIC ANGIOSPERMS.

By AGNES ARBER. Illustrated. 31s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

This work reflects no little credit on English botanical study as well as on Dr. Arber, who has devoted the past ten years to the subject of aquatic plants and research into the problems of their evolutionary history. It is commonly agreed by botanists that Aquatic Angiosperms are derived from land ancestors, and have adopted the water habit at various times subsequent to their first appearance as Flowering Plants. A study therefore of these plants affords very decided advantages in the possibility of tracing changes of structure and habit and development due to the new environment. The problems involved in the reproduction and dissemination of water plants are both intricate and far-reaching, and Dr. Arber dedicates a considerable section of her book to these questions. One of the most notable features of the book is the beautifully-drawn illustrations, nearly two hundred in number, in themselves a most valuable collection. There is also a bibliography of the subject extending to seventy pages, which should prove immensely useful. Dr. Arber's book is a landmark in the territory of the study of aquatic plants, and will remain a standard work on which future research will very largely be based.

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LAUGHING WATER.

By Ethel Turner. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Miss Turner writes with the old magic. Her sketch of quite an "ordinary mother" in this book is enchanting. When Mrs. North, plain and dowdy, fell ill, everything went to pieces. And one night Baby seemed ill, and Juliet, his small sister, was nearly at her wits end. Baby wept for his mother. "He continued to regard the door with wet, expectant eyes. . . . But there was a hopelessness now in the sobbings; the long watched door had not even yet yielded the large familiar figure that had been at his instant service day and night ever since he had opened his eyes in this world." They thought he had pneumonia. Then Mother appeared out of the sick-room ". . . just the same round, calm mother of their lives. She wore the same blue silk padded dressing-gown that had flitted in to them for years on cold winter nights, when they had had bad dreams." Besides this happy picture of family affection, there is more than a hint of a very young love story, told with that delicacy and skill characteristic of the authoress. Lots of fun, a merry tale, with the young folk all up to date and cheery and plucky. The description of how they all worked to make the life of the charwoman brighter is excellent.

DEREK GASCOYNE.

By Clive Desmond. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

We have all read the Anglo-Indian story whose plot grows drowsy in the heat of the Indian sun. In particular, the tale of the young subaltern's flirtation with the Colonel's wife has no more freshness and vigour than the individual writer puts into it. In "Derek Gascoyne" Mr. Desmond uses old material because it suits his immediate purpose.

From Laughing Water
By Ethel Turner
(*Ward, Lock*).

"DON'T SAY THE BOOTS HAVE DISAPPEARED AGAIN," SHE SAID

From No Defence
By Sir Gilbert Parker
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

THREE-COLOUR COVER DESIGN (REDUCED).

He is concerned with bigger people than Archie and Mildred, whose joint folly causes disaster to their friends, but his Derek has just the kind of large-hearted, simple sense of honour that will keep him silent when his cousin's reputation is at stake. Suspicion falls on him, he resigns his commission and comes home to enter the political world. The author is specially successful in this part of the book, and the months which drag slowly for Derek and for Diana, who has misunderstood his silence, pass very quickly for the reader. Mr. Desmond writes easily and has the threads of narrative firmly in his grasp. Very clever is his study of Sir John Mitcham, who runs a party in Parliament for the underhand control of a secret vote. The book will be opened with pleasant anticipation by those who enjoyed "Intrigue."

THE HEART OF UNAGA.

By Ridgwell Cullum. 7s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

This is an excellent yarn. No disrespect enters into the choice of this term which by use and wont is consecrated to tales of the Far North-West. Many exciting stories have dealt with that famous body of men who police these lonely parts, but the adventures of Steve Allenwood are as fresh as they undoubtedly are arresting. It was all a bit of the day's work for Steve to be sent at short notice on a two years' journey into unknown land to unravel the murder of two whites, leaving his baby girl and his flighty and discontented young wife to the hazards of a lawless community. Steve's journey was partly in vain, for he found that the whites had murdered each other; but he found also a marvellous tribe of hibernating Indians, who passed the winter in a trance produced by a mysterious drug. On his return Steve found his home deserted, and after years of fruitless pursuit of his wife and her lover he devoted his life to searching for the home of the mysterious anæsthetic.

From The First Sir Percy, By Baroness Orczy (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

COVER DESIGN IN COLOUR (REDUCED).

MARTIN CRUSOE.

A Boy's Adventure on Wizard Island.

By T. C. BRIDGES. 6s. net. (Harrap.)

This is a book that will surely delight the hearts of many boys, and girls too. It tells of the adventures of Martin Vaile, aged seventeen, among mysterious islands in the weed-choked Sargasso Sea. He is an expert aviator and wireless telegraphist, and the wonders of modern science enter largely into the tale. The discovery of an aged professor living in the lap of luxury on a lonely rocky island in the middle of the sea; fierce attacks by Norsemen from the neighbouring island of Lamuria; adventures with prehistoric monsters that still survive in the unplumbed depths—all these and many other excitements go to make up a story that is very readable indeed, and that has not a dull page. All ends happily, as it should. It is very lucky for Martin and also for Prince Akon of Lamuria, whose champion he becomes, that Martin is not only an expert bomb-thrower, but can manufacture bombs with great success. But then at seventeen he "was not only a first-class pilot and a certificated wireless operator, but he had a wider knowledge of general science, of electricity and of chemistry, than most men of double his age." The book ought to stimulate an interest in these things; though it is to be feared that few boys will be able altogether to emulate Martin Vaile. The story is told in commendably simple and straightforward language.

PEACE RHYMES OF A PADRE.

By G. A. STUDDERT KENNEDY. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

One should not dogmatise about poetry. The rose is not the only flower in the garden, and those wild things that grow outside under the hedges are often as beautiful as any that the gardener cultivates. A superior critic the other day said he found "Paradise Lost" tedious, but he was wrong in taking it for granted that Milton was to blame for that; and critics being what they are it is possible some might be misled by Mr. Studdert Kennedy's modest prefatory intimation that he is not "quite a real poet." It all depends on what you mean by real poetry. The simple lyrics of Burns and Barnes are as real poetry as the more exquisitely finished songs of Tennyson or Shelley. All poetry is real that has some beauty of thought or feeling at the heart of it and clothes that fancy or emotion in the splendid or the homely language that effectively reveals it. The colloquial simplicity of these "Peace Rhymes" is an essential part of their poetry. Mr. Kennedy has a Kiplingesque vigour and vividness of style, but a broad, unorthodox philosophy of life that is rooted in his own experience, and that he expresses with extraordinary force and outspokenness. He puts above knowledge such blind faith in God as men must have in their leader if they are to have any hope of victory:

> "How do I know that God is good? I don't.
> I gamble like a man. I bet my life
> Upon one side in life's great war . . ."

There is a poignancy of pity and pain in the sharply contrasted pictures of "Indifference":

"When Jesus came to Golgotha they hanged him on a tree,"

but

"When Jesus came to Birmingham they simply passed him by. . . ."

The suffering and pathos of common life are in "The Pensioner," "A Gal on the Streets," and others, and a righteous anger and bitterness in "Idols" and in "Dead and Buried"—this last, perhaps the strongest and most

From Martin Crusoe, By T. C. Bridges (*Harrap*).

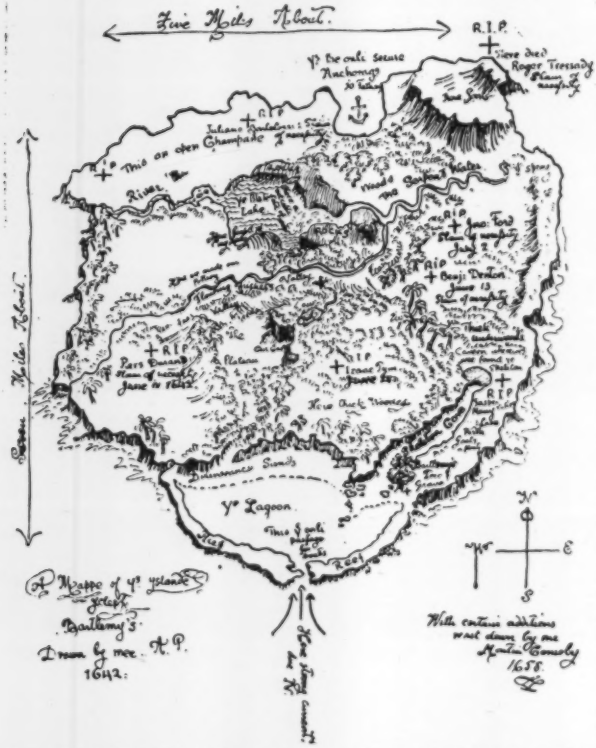
MARTIN KNEW THAT THIS WAS A PRIEST OF THE SUN.

moving poem in the book, a cry from the dead, a powerful protest against what the diplomatists are making of the peace for which others fought and died. It is stark and terrible in its condemnation, and says without flinching what many of us feel needs saying in these days. The "Peace Rhymes of a Padre" are worthy to stand beside those "Rough Rhymes" he wrote during the war; they are not the less poetry because they are largely topical and mean more than does most contemporary verse, and make their meaning uncompromisingly clear.

BLACK BARTLEMY'S TREASURE.

By JEFFERY FARNOL. 7s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

Here is another stirring romance of the good old days by the famous author of "The Broad Highway" and "The Amateur Gentleman." On this occasion he has chosen to transport his readers back into the adventurous times of the seventeenth century, when pirates roamed the seas and highwaymen the land, and life was held of smaller account than in these present tame, too civilised days. When the story opens Martin Conisby, Lord Wendover, is dragging out a miserable existence as a galley slave aboard the Spanish ship *Esmeralda*, into which unhappy position he has been betrayed five years before by a hereditary enemy, Sir Richard Brandon. The ship is attacked by an English vessel, and he seizes his chance to escape. He returns to England a free man, brooding on his wrongs, with no thought in his heart but to seek out his enemy and avenge himself. But Sir Richard Brandon has been taken prisoner by the Spaniards; and Martin finds only Brandon's daughter Joan, a beautiful, gentle girl who had been his playmate when they were both children. He then falls in with one Adam Penfeather, who tells him a tale of treasure hidden on a far away, deserted island by Black Bartlemy, a notorious pirate, now dead. Eventually Martin and Joan are cast away upon the treasure island together, and live a primitive life of seeking for food and learning to make weapons and utensils out of the materials that they find on the island. They fall gradually in love with one another, as was to be expected.



From Black Bartlemy's Treasure (*Sampson Low*).

ADAM PENFEATHER'S MAP OF THE ISLAND.

From Other People's Waste-paper Baskets (*Elliot Stock*).

THE SNARK THAT HAD A FONDNESS FOR BATHING-MACHINES.

But that is not by any means the happy end of their adventures. This is no simple love tale, but a story of derring-do and high adventure. There are many encounters with desperadoes, much bloodshed, alarms and narrow escapes from death or torture before the story of Black Bartlemy's treasure is ended. And the "happy ending" that Mr. Jeffery Farnol surely has up his sleeve is not reached in this volume. "Here, then, I make an end of the narrative of Black Bartlemy's treasure," says Martin Conisby on the last page, "but how and in what manner I came to my vengeance is yet to tell." We look forward expectantly to the telling.

FROM OTHER PEOPLE'S WASTE-PAPER BASKETS.

By A. E. CUTFORTH. With Illustrations by C. CATHERALL. 7s. 6d. net. (Elliot Stock.)

The letters rescued from the "W.P.B." by Mr. Cutforth, *alias* Peter Brown, are not written on one theme nor to one person. But before we have reached the end of the volume we know that the writer of them is a keen mountain-climber, and we know, too, that thrilling and alluring though he finds the peaks of Switzerland, his heart is not less thrilled by the friendly peaks and hills of Lakeland. "Do you know," he writes, "a Swiss meadow which for colouring can beat the slopes of Fleetwith when the sun shines on the heather and bracken after the rain? Do you know a Swiss valley which for peaceful beauty can rival Rosthwaite and Seathwaite? Can any milky glacier torrent compare with a single one of the hundred crystal becks that thread their way down the Cumberland fells? Do you know a Swiss precipice that looks more grim than Pillar Rock when you stand at its base on a stormy day?" And as he has been successfully up and down the Matterhorn not so very long before, he might easily have been dazzled by its glory. The illustrations vary in merit. They hold ideas but are not strong in "drawing."

THE COURTS OF IDLENESS.

By DORNFORD YATES. 7s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

If certain books are suitable for certain days "The Courts of Idleness" has a twofold value, for it is just the book for a warm, breathless day in summer, when a would-be reader wishes to be amused without labouring for the amusement: it is also just the book for the grey, sodden day when the would-be reader needs something gay and light, with the sound of infectious laughter in it. These stories as stories do not greatly matter: the scenes are gay and beautiful, or quiet and beautiful—but always beautiful; the men and women are gay and beautiful, also good-tempered, kindly, flippant, easy in manner and address. The dialogue is "badinage," when "badinage" is appropriate—and it almost always is; and when there comes, just once or twice, a thread of tragedy, it is revealed in few words. It would be unthankful carping to complain that all Mr. Yates's men and women are alike—all one large, understanding family. It is such a pleasant family to know; its members meet, walk together, travel together, dine together, play together, and have their pleasing adventures together in the Courts of Idleness. But when—as is almost invariably the truth—these persons are called upon for stern duty, they are ready, brave and self-forgetful to the last breath. There is much to be said for a training that produces this forgivable "idleness."

From **The Autobiography of Margot Asquith,** which Mr. Thornton Butterworth is publishing. **A DRAWING BY MRS. ASQUITH.**

From **Snakes and Ladders: A Child's Fantasy,** By W. J. Ferrar. Illustrated by Warwick Goble (*Daniel*.)

NOT FOR FOOLS.

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

Mr. Bradley is a tailor, and a prosperous one, who tells us he pays "thousands a year in taxes," and as a business man with a stake in the country's affairs, and a sincere desire for his country's good, he thought it well that the country should know what he thought of the war, and the autocratic bureaucracy that was crushing and misgoverning and wasting the youth and the resources of England and the Empire. And to secure wide publicity he published his views in advertisement columns of certain journals, for which he paid at the proper rates. These views, he tells us, met with universal acceptance, were widely canvassed, and heartily agreed with by practically all who read them, and immense numbers of persons wrote to approve and applaud. He has now reprinted them, with additional matter, and with illustrations. It is a little strange to find him claim that everybody agrees with him, and yet he warns "the majority" that the book is not to be read by them. And in one of his "aphorisms" he declares: "My views on any subject can be stated in five words: 'I disagree with most people.' This is no proof of insanity." One marvels how these declarations can be reconciled. He tells us that he put "the truth" to the British people. Clearly he is no jesting Pilate, and had no misgivings as to what truth might be. To him it was his personal view on any subject, which he no longer hesitated "to express when I have such wonderful proof that 99 per cent. of the nation is in agreement." There was a gentleman of minor distinction in the Church who once delighted a company by declaring that it was "a great comfort to know that he had exactly the right views on religion." Mr. Bradley must have no less comfort in his knowledge of the truth.

XUM

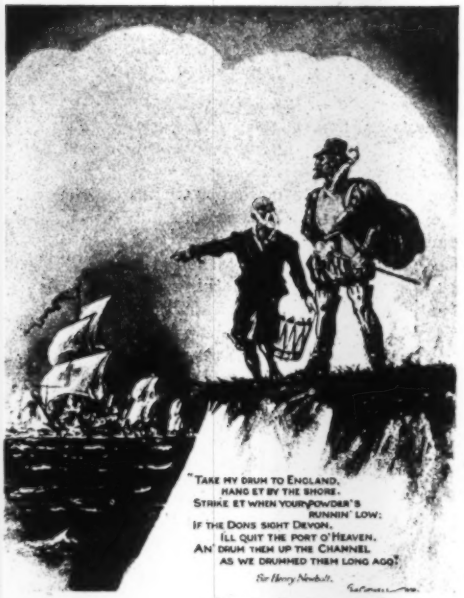
SWIFT LIGHTNING.

By James Oliver Curwood. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

This is a notable addition to the dramatic stories of wild animal life in the rugged and primeval lands. Swift Lightning is a wolf, but a wolf that twenty generations back had a Great Dane for ancestor. And in him the Great Dane had come to life again, in his great size and strength, his massive chest, his way of holding his head, and deep down among his sheer wolfish instincts, in a glimmering of chivalry and affinity with man. This feeling towards mankind was one he could not understand or catch clearly, but every now and then the dog floated up to the surface, differentiating him from the wolves of the pack. Up in the barren Arctic tundras he ran with the pack, now well fed, now lean and pined with utter starvation, enduring the terrific cold that sinks to fifty and sixty degrees below zero, and even drops to where mercury cannot follow, and where no human life can hold out against it in the open. Fights with other wolves, battles with polar bears, encounters with huge musk-oxen, with caribou, enormous owls like eagles, terrible quests for food, friendships with wolf and she-wolf—all these Swift Lightning knows. But always, through his splendid wildness and fitness for the wild, there was unknown and unexplained the call of the tame. No wolf could be wholly his friend, the friend of the Great Dane in him, no she-wolf wholly his mate. How he found Firefly, the masterless collie, and persuaded her to follow him, and live the wild life with him, and how gradually he came to know man, and finally to throw in his lot with man, is well told and of thrilling interest.

From **Three Real Bricks,** By T. E. Grattan-Smith (*Harrap*). Illustrated by Savile Lumley.

MEL ON THE TOWBOARD.


"TAKE MY DRUM TO ENGLAND,
HANG ET BY THE SHORE.
STRIKE ET WHEN YOUR POWDER'S
RUNNIN' LOW;
IF THE DONS SIGHT DEVON,
I'LL QUIT THE PORT O' HEAVEN,
AN' DRUM THEM UP THE CHANNEL
AS WE DRUMMED THEM LONG AGO."

From **Drake's Drum,** a striking romance of Elizabethan Days, by Draycot M. Dell, just published by Messrs. Jarrold.

COVER DESIGN IN COLOUR.

DELILAH.

By Paul Trent. 4s. 6d. net. (Hayes.)

A typical daughter of Eve is Dawn Odell. Brought up in the country, isolated, she devotes herself in unsparing fashion to her father. But when he dies, leaving her lavishly provided with the good things of this world, she begins to long for a wider and more varied life. This has been foreseen by her wise parent, who made it a condition that she should stay at home until her aunt and guardian arrives from India. Into Dawn's solitude, though, penetrates a man of the world, rich in experience, and the girl becomes infatuated with him. Her guardian faces the situation with courage and tact, but the thoughtless niece disregards advice and warnings, continues her own wayward course. The fiancé is genuinely in love and, although deeply involved elsewhere, is not a bad man. They are married, but the expected happiness somehow fails to materialise. She longs for him to dominate her, and when he does not do so, tries his patience to the utmost. Gradually the couple drift farther and farther apart as Dawn embarks upon one unreasonable escapade after another without check or hindrance. Friends grasp the position, and urge the husband to be firm, put his foot down. An actress, who at one time meant much to him, tries to regain her old place in his affections. A crisis is reached at home, he asserts himself and determines to end it all. Tempted to the breaking point, he is just about to surrender when the alert old aunt, who has followed events with unerring judgment, intervenes and rescues him. The conclusion opens up a vista of unalloyed bliss. The narrative displays evidence of keen observation, careful craftsmanship and ripe experience.

BRUCE AT BOONDERONG CAMP.

By Lillian M. Pyke. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

Bruce was quite a problem. In the first chapter we find he has cut pieces of rose-coloured silk from his sister's best kimono, to make wings for his model airship! "You see," says his father, thoughtfully considering the general freakishness of the lad, "we lost one boy, and that makes his mother feel she can't deny this one anything." But it was the ruin of Bruce. He spent all he had on tuck, and made himself and others sick. He shirked his home work, and brought excuses. He couldn't be bothered with sport—it was too much fag. And wouldn't join the Scouts because it was too much like hard work. Yet at heart he was a decent kid, and the parents hit on a capital plan for him when they sent him off to Boonderong Camp, where he had to rough it and learn all about life out of doors. There is an admirable glimpse given of an experimental school kept up in the wilds, where Bruce finds himself—a school with a clever master, who seizes very sensibly on the ambition of the child, and helps him to develop it. Bruce wanted to know how to build airships, and was told: "It only requires study in the branches I have indicated to enable you to put together a very fair model." He worked, after that, with eagerness and pleasure.

THE KING'S PASSION.

By Amy J. Baker (Mrs. Maynard Crawford). 7s. net. (John Long.)

The king chosen as the hero of this novel is Edmund of East Anglia, who was slain by the Danes in the ninth century, and is counted as a martyr in the Church Calendar in that he died a Christian, refusing to deny his faith or acknowledge the gods of the Norsemen. The great monastery at Edmundsbury and the many churches dedicated to his memory are evidence of the honour in which King Edmund was long held, and Mrs. Maynard Crawford has depicted him as a very gallant and chivalrous man, every inch a king; devout withal and of high courage. For heroine, Frea, true daughter of a viking, bravely fills the part, and Biorn, double-dyed traitor, is the villain of the piece, meeting the doom he deserved. If the novelist takes

From Bruce at Boonderong Camp By Lillian M. Pyke (*Ward, Lock*).

A FEW TRIPS SUFFICED TO INFLAME HIS HANDS.

From Little Treasure Island (*Hodder & Stoughton*). By Arthur Mee.

THREE-COLOUR FRONTISPIECE (REDUCED).

liberties with history, and makes the conversation suggest a somewhat later period, that should not displease the reader. For, after all, given a story with a powerful love interest, and the appropriate amount of local colour, what more can the reader desire ? And such a story Mrs. Maynard Crawford has supplied in " The King's Passion."

THE SOLVENT.

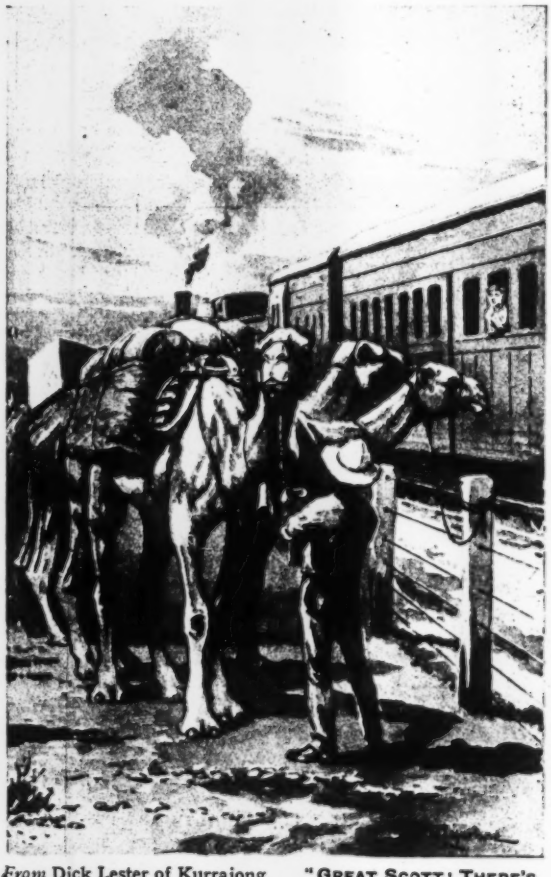
By Douglas Goldring and Hubert Nepean. 7s. net. (Daniel.)

Whether the discovery of a means of making gold and the threat to disclose this secret to all the warring Powers would have had the effect it has in this story of terrifying a leading member of the British Government who is faced with the prospect of that disclosure if he refuses to exert his influence to end the war and make peace, is more than the present reviewer can say. And the timely melodramatic death of the strange old Irishman, O'Carolan, who has made this discovery, is rather a blot on an otherwise distinctly clever if rather too bitterly and sometimes too narrowly censorious political novel. There is not a disinterested politician in the book—perhaps there is none in life—and if there is more talk than incident, it is interesting talk, with a satirical edge to much of its commentary on current affairs that is piquant, though occasionally it savours more of pique and prejudice than of serene judgment. A book to be read, both for its shrewd delineations of character and its shrewd handling of latter-day problems.

DICK LESTER OF KURRAJONG.

By Mary Grant Bruce. 3s. 6d. (Ward, Lock.)

A gay story of Australian life for boys and girls. There is a sunny freshness about it which will attract from the very start. Dick is such a manly small boy, and his mother so charming and sympathetic, and the book opens so well with the preparations for Dick's holiday from school. He is to go a trip to Western Australia to meet the father he loves. The trip on board the big steamer is described with great gusto. We hear how Dick even went to help the stokers, besides making friends with everybody. He also dived into the sea, to save a naughty baby who fell overboard. Later, in the course of his adventures on land, he was again in danger of his life, and for a time the writer leads us to believe that Dick will never walk again. But Miss Grant Bruce does not keep us sad for long ; very soon a great spine specialist looms on the scene, and Dick is left cured, after a big operation. This is really a delightful tale.



From Dick Lester of Kurrajong, By Mary Grant Bruce (*Ward, Lock*). "Great Scott! There's a Camel"

From Bulldog Drummond, By "Sapper" (Hodder & Stoughton), recently reviewed in The Bookman. Cover Design.

EDUCATING PETER.

By W. P. Lipscomb. Illustrated by H. M. Bateman. 9s. net. (Constable.)

In his new book the author of " Staff Tales " tells of the doings of a young man of means and no special interests. Peter, to put it plainly, is a mug, in the language of an earlier generation he is a pigeon for the crows to pluck. He is introduced to us when fleeing from the attentions of a pursuing female, and that flight is made a recurring *motiv* throughout his subsequent trying time. He is induced to put his money into various promising " propositions " ; he is fleeced at snooker and cards, and having lost his all in a moment of desperation attempts suicide, and then is induced to enter into a strange compact with two other unknown would-be suicides, that the trio shall " make away " with each other. Having done this he learns that he has come into a large fortune, and a succession of farcical episodes follow during which he is trying to dodge the consequences of his foolish compact. It is all lively and amusing, a kind of farcical-tragedy—farce for the spectator and tragedy for the very foolish young man being " educated." Any sympathy which the reader might have for the foolish Peter and for the girl who completes his education is somewhat marred by Mr. Bateman's half-dozen droll pictures which are rather pictorial comment on lines chosen from the story than illustrations of it. Mr. Bateman's talent as a humorous draughtsman is unquestioned, but they do not " belong " in a story which to be successful should, if only for a reading-while, impress us with the idea of its possible reality.

ROUND ABOUT EGYPT, AND OTHER THINGS.

By A. Beresford Horsley. 5s. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

These are light and amusing sketches on various subjects, but chiefly on a journey to Egypt and incidents on the way and in Egypt itself. Mr. Horsley keeps wide open eyes, and eyes that are quite able to appreciate the humorous aspect of whatever comes within their ken. His observations on the barber's shop on the liner that carried him to Port Said will come very much home to every one who remembers the extraordinary conglomeration of wares exposed temptingly in these extravagant floating emporiums—soap, sealing-wax, leather goods, stationery, jewellery—anything that you may want or that you most certainly don't! He had experiences in Helouan with the natives that confirm the average opinion held of those agreeably untrustworthy folk, although he testifies that they are excellent in all their relations with one another, and estimable in many ways. There is a very pleasant chapter on the selling of carpets, a note on hotel gardens that makes one sigh for all that beauty, and a very delightful memory of duck shooting in the Fayoum—the picture of the two village boys plunging into a pond after a wounded duck and chasing it like spaniels, for the sheer fun of the thing, is a little cameo of considerable charm and feeling.

Mr. William Garrett,
whose new novel, "The Secret of the Hills," is published by Messrs. Jarrold.

THE SECRET OF THE HILLS.

By William Garrett. 7s. 6d. (Jarrolds.)

He saw her first, brilliant and beautiful, at the Oriental Café. He was Guy Fenton, athirst for adventure, adrift in London with little money left. He wished to know more of Marion Freeland directly he set eyes on her, and the wish was to be quickly realised. That very night, returning to his home in the fog, Guy blundered into the wrong house—the house where Marion was. He found her uncle cruelly done to death. In his pocket-book there was a mysterious jotting about a hidden treasure, and Fenton, hungry for danger and anxious to help the distraught girl, determined to investigate. And after many things had happened, he got to Scotland, and among the wild hills in a dark cavern behind sand, he actually discovered a very satisfactory treasure indeed. In an age-blackened box, there were chains of gold, collars of gold studded with a variety of gems, platters of beaten silver, lavers, basins, rosaries, rings, loose sapphires and pearls. ("This little jeweller's shop is worth more than half a million dollars," remarked our hero's friend.) A scrap of paper revealed the fact that they were part of the lost glory of James II of Scotland. A brisk, unpretentious tale, never for a moment boring.

THE CHARM SCHOOL.

By Alice Durer Miller. 8s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Miss Miller, as every one knows, has a very light touch with her fiction, and "The Charm School" is certainly not the least entertaining of her stories. Surely the world is subtly changing if we may judge of young people as the novelist depicts them, for the old hypocrisies seem to be vanishing. Or is it that the novelist invents daring episodes thinking them possible if not altogether probable. For instance what would an old lady of forty years ago say of a girl who, in answer to a comment by an attractive young man upon her agitation, replies: "Yes, I am—not exactly afraid—but I love you—I love you terribly."

Photo by J. Russell & Sons. Captain A. Beresford Horsley, C.B.E., J.P.,
Author of "Round About Egypt" (Selwyn & Blount).

Photo by Vandyk. Mr. Anthony Ludovici,
whose new novel, "Raw Virginity," Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing.

THREE-COLOUR COVER DESIGN (REDUCED)

From the wrapper of Miss Beatrice Harraden's new novel, "Spring Shall Plant," which has just been published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

Elise says this without any encouragement to love-making, and yet she is beautiful, lovable and charming; and Austin Bevans, who receives this confidence is as downright and straightforward as herself. He is besides the principal of the school where Elise is being educated, having inherited it from an aunt. When he receives this legacy he, wanting money, decides to run the school according to his own ideas; not as an introduction to a college career, but as a school in which to teach womanly charm. As Austin is "of the most extraordinary beauty—not only of face but of figure . . . with eyes of the clearest sky-blue, in surprising contrast to his bronzed skin and black hair and lashes," the effect on the girls may be easily imagined. Austin believes himself to be in love with another girl, which helps him to exercise restraint over Elise; and there is a vociferous uncle, Mr. Johns, and a very collegiate mistress to be severe upon Austin, all of whom help the fun along. It is needless to say that this is a very good and amusing story.

THE TRIUMPH OF NATIONALISATION.

By SIR LEO CHIOZZA MONEY. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

This book is dedicated "To the Servants of the State," who, it is claimed, organised victory for the nation when the great men of the world of Individualism were ready to declare that our case was hopeless. It certainly makes hay of much of the unreasoning denunciation of public servants—bureaucrats!—now so commonly indulged in. "As early as 1915," we are told, "responsible men of great ability satisfied themselves that we had shot our bolt and could do no more." They were wrong. According to Sir Leo Money they were wrong because they had gauged the country's chance on the possibility of carrying on under the general "disorder" of "private enterprise." The "practical possibilities of national organisation" they could not conceive. "The true powers of the nation" were realised, and victory was achieved "by Nationalisation." This book is the mass of evidence collected, and amazingly well arranged, to justify this considerable claim. One of the first, as it is certainly one of the most important, things considered is the physical fitness of our people. During one period of the war, 2,425,184 examinations were made—of men who should have been in the prime of life—and it was found that only one in three was physically fit! The "possibles" among the rest had to be "nationally" repaired. In commerce and industry, we are told, there was lack of technical training, a contempt for science, little co-ordination or organisation on national lines. Then came the trial of Nationalisation. "We have been driven bit by bit, against our will," said Mr. Runciman, then President of the Board of Trade, "to suspend the easy flow of purely voluntary action." Private enterprise was interfered with everywhere; the railways were controlled; munitions were produced on a national scale; shipping was later controlled; the food supply was nationally organised; in a score of ways the State became a provider and purveyor of goods. How this was done, and with what effect, this book sets out to explain; and certainly no one living is more competent than the author to attempt to justify the claim made in the title.

From **The Dogs of China and Japan in Nature and Art** (*Heinemann*).

PLEASURE-BOX ANNUAL.

Edited by GEORGE GOODCHILD. 6s. net. (Hayes.)

This is a new children's annual, and every child who is lucky enough to get a copy will find inside this "Pleasure-Box" a wonderful store of good things. There are stories for very young children; stories for those a bit older than very young; and stories for quite elderly children. The stories are of all lengths and all kinds—exciting, mysterious, fairy and fantastic, and non-fairy everyday stories. There are also all kinds of verses, about all kinds of things from rabbits to door-knockers. Then there is a one-act play which every child who reads it will want to act. Pages of music, called "The Children's Ball," which consists of favourite old game-rhymes set in a simple form for singing and playing; shadow-graphs, puzzles, and a maze called the Ogre's Castle, are other fascinating items of the book. And last, but in no sense least, there are the pictures. On practically every page there is a picture—pen-and-ink or coloured. "The Pleasure-Box" is simply overflowing with pictures. Where there is so much that is delightful, it is difficult to pick out any one thing for particular mention, but with regard to the illustrations room must be found to refer specially to the drawings by Jaxon, which are, without doubt, of unusual merit—beautiful drawings, dainty and Rackhamish—the kind of work one turns back to look at again and again.

JUST NOW.

By ALICE MAINWARING and GEORGE LONGRIDGE, C.R. (Wells Gardner.)

Letters to a lady on life in general. Miss Mainwaring is responsible for twenty-two epistles, and they are well worth reading, being wholly natural, full of sense and humour. She quotes interesting things from many modern authors, and is earnestly religious. "I began to dream what life might be here and everywhere if Christ were

From The Land of the Hills and Glens, By Seton Gordon (*Cassell*). A TIREE WOMAN SPINNING.

From Sports and Sportsmen (No. 1), the new magazine published for the Olympic Press, Ltd. (*Messrs. G. Heath Robinson and Birch*). THE LIONESS WAS COMING TO HER KILL.